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TICKLISH TOPIC

By . . .
MAUREEN MEADOWS

"MONTY" wears a moustache, fairly conventional type.

STALIN is another famous wearer of the moustache.

HITLER had one, Stalin has one, too, likewise Montgomery, so don't let it destroy your faith in mankind or moustaches.

Did your brother lose faith when at 17 he straddled a chair before the looking-glass and fondly caressed the few minor hairs struggling for expression on his upper lip?

Was he downhearted?

No. He borrowed your eyebrow pencil and gave substance to what

WAXED ENDS—villainy.

would otherwise have been an illusion. He became the envy of his college.

What better manifestation of manhood could there be than a moustache? A man without a moustache is like steak without onions, or porridge without salt.

Throughout history, men have worn moustaches. Men famous and infamous. Richard Coeur de Lion and Guy Fawkes.

I have seen historic murals showing the hammer-fist his Crusaders into battle. They were waving banners aloft, and looked as if they might have been singing "A crusading we will go, a-crusading we will go——" if their moustaches had not got in the way.

The moustaches, mind you, were splendid, and flowed in the mural wind like the horses' manes.

King John was not a good man, but he had a fine moustache. He chewed on it for the inspiration that fired him to sign Magna Carta.

I wouldn't mind betting that Clarence, the bloke who got drowned in a butt of malmsey wine, would have lived to tell the tale if he had listened to his mother's advice and worn a moustache. The large and helpful kind. The kind you can hold on to in a high wind, or in an emergency of any sort.

There were many other moustaches, of course, which only goes to show that the pages of history positively bristled with 'em!

Moustaches are a direct indication of character. Time does not always permit you to determine your betrothed's character by his handwriting before the breach-of-promise stage.

You are rarely afforded the opportunity of examining the bumps on your beloved's head, and thereby discovering if he is worthy of you or not before you say "I do!"

But a moustache is a simple and infallible way of reading character.

If your ideal choice does not possess a moustache, persuade him to grow one before it is too late.

If your fiance is 17 or under, the procedure might prove difficult if not impossible, in which case you ought to have known better than to have endowed a beardless youth with your affections.

The moustache does something for a man—and everything to a woman.

You can keep your palmistry and your cards. I favor the moustache method.

THREE fine examples of the decorative effect of hirsute trimmings.

Here are my summings-up:

The Handle-Bar. This is widely worn by the British Army and the R.A.F. The generous swoop at either end resembles the curving handle-bars of a bicycle, hence its name.

You are immediately obsessed

WALRUS—melancholia.

with the spirit of camaraderie which prompts you to grasp the moustache firmly by both ends, and to shake it up and down slowly, saying, "Hello, old man. Most fraightfully glad to see you!" in THAT sort of voice, Pukka sahibs.

The Paintbrush. Favored by old-age pensioners and greengrocers. Indication of kindness or honesty, or both.

Waxed Ends. Beware of these, for they usually portend villainy. Look at Guy Fawkes. I knew a man who wore one. He used to steal candy from my baby sister. Spies, and tax-collectors.

Toothbrush. Usually worn by little men with big ideas. Adolf Hitler.

Walrus. A luxuriant growth with a downward droop denoting melancholia and a mournful disposition. Grocers and widowers. Sometimes bootmakers and truck-drivers.

Man-About-Town. This is the most popular, and while it is neither specifically Colman, Anthony Eden, nor Fairbanks, it is a blend of all three. It is worn by hero and scoundrel alike. The greatest lovers have worn 'em, and still do. Likewise diplomats. Intellectuals and professional photographers. And saboteurs.

The beard was an evil thing when Rasputin got hold of it, although Santa Claus managed to preserve its erstwhile good reputation. Mephistopheles, of course, has always worn one, but since the Navy took it over it has achieved grace and distinction.

It is perhaps due to the beard that the Navy has become known as the Silent Service. You couldn't help being silent if you were gagged with a beard.

All in all, however, any suggestion of hair on the upper lip—or the lower, either, for that matter—tends to distinguish a man. King Arthur was a man among men, and, according to Tennyson, he had "a knightly growth of beard fringing his lip."

I'm a romanticist about moustaches, I suppose. Mind you, it's not so much the look that counts;

DAVID NIVEN, film actor, favors the "man-about-town" variety.

it's the feel. If it tickles in moments of romance, so what? At least you know it's a man and not a mouse.

Well, mice have whiskers certainly, but there is a wide difference between moustaches and whiskers.

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AMAZING AUSTRALIA

BILL BEATTY SAYS:—

The archer fish, found in Northern Australia, can shoot a drop of water 6 feet or more in the air. It shoots down insects and devours them

Australia has more snow covered country than the whole of Switzerland. Ski-ing was a sport here 30 years before Switzerland even heard of it.

Australia's oddest town is Lakewood, W.A., the town on wheels. Shops, post office and police station are built on railway trucks. As forests are cut down, 500 men and their families move on followed by the town on wheels.

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ARTIST'S MUDDLE

"I'm crazy about pictures," he said.

By ROBERT CARSON

THERE were two brothers named Camden. Both were in their late twenties. Peter, the elder by two years, was quite famous as an artist, well known especially for his work on the war. The younger, Bruce, was a practically anonymous test pilot for a big aircraft firm.

A fact that never ceased to fascinate people who knew them was their complete dissimilarity of interest as far as art was concerned. Peter, a realist rather than a modernist, had the training, taste, and judgment that made him a valuable critic as well as a top-flight painter. Bruce's knowledge of art ended with camera studies of pin-up girls.

A love for art came to Bruce along with love under rather idyllic circumstances. The late spring found him spending the week-end on the property of some friends. A long time had passed since his last holiday, and he was inclined to innocent gaiety. He decided to go for a walk and practise singing selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore," which he did rather well.

Crossing from the house, he opened the gate and went down the road. Singing the part of Sir Joseph held him for half a mile, and he pleased himself. Just for variety he switched to Buttercup's aria, hopefully adjusting his voice for a female part.

He rounded a high-banked turn, alleging that he was called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup. On the other side of the turn in the road was parked an old car with the top down. Beside it was a girl working at an easel. She seemed startled. Bruce stopped singing and approached the artist cautiously. He noted that she was youthful, very slim, and beautiful. Coming closer, he saw she had large, calmly clear grey eyes.

His happy inspection tended to make him stare, and the artist frowned slightly.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I have no complaints," Bruce said.

"Would you care to inspect my canvas, too?" the girl asked.

Bruce peered at the picture on the easel. It was an ordinary landscape—a stretch of brownish desert land with treeless hills and hulking mauve mountains in the distance. You could do the same thing with a camera and a little color film, and be back in time for a few sets of tennis.

Bruce had a sudden inspiration. He gasped politely. "Wonderful," he said. "Magnificent. Those trees are so—ah—so—"

The girl's lashes parted, giving him a true appreciation of the color grey. "So wooden, perhaps?"

"Exactly," Bruce said. "You took the word right out of my mouth."

"I'm trying to get the feeling of the desert—the sunlit melancholy, the timelessness."

Bruce nodded, his face serious and judicial. "You've got it. I was just going to say this picture is melancholy and timeless."

"No kidding?" the gorgeous artist said.

A red light was winking on Bruce's mental instrument board. He resolved to keep going, an old habit of his. If you didn't, you were apt to lose flying speed and spin in.

"I hang round galleries all the time," he said. "I'm crazy about pictures. Haven't I seen your signature *somewhere?*"

"Only if you hang round banks, too," the girl said. "I often write cheques and sign them, but never my pictures. None of them have been exhibited."

There was a short silence. Bruce had an unpleasant feeling that the interview was over. The girl picked up her brush.

"Maybe I ought to introduce myself," he said.

"I know, you're sweet little Buttercup," the girl replied. "I heard you coming."

Bruce laughed heartily and falsely. "You kill me. My name's Bruce Camden."

"Glad to meet you," she said, and went on painting.

"I wonder if I may have your name. I might have to establish an alibi or something," Bruce said after a pause.

Though the girl continued to work, she sighed and smiled and gave up the struggle. Her name was Marcia Ralstone, she said. Bruce pulled up a flat rock and sat down beside her canvas chair.

PAINTING being a restful occupation, they chatted along for upward of an hour, with Marcia doing a good deal of the talking. Bruce was entranced to learn that she was alone in the city, doing some undesignated work for a medical foundation. She was unmarried, and interested in landscapes as an avocation. Whenever she had enough petrol she came out like this to work.

Bruce had never heard a biography more interesting to him, but the air was chill, and hunger overcame his attention. He glanced at his watch. "Listen, how would you like some good strong tea and buttered toast?"

"I was told not to go with strange men," Marcia said. "How do I know who you are? How can I be sure that you're telling the truth? And how can I resist hot buttered toast? You drive."

Bruce took her back to the house. There, his hostess received Marcia graciously, and led her away for general repairs. Bruce went to the dining-room, where the rest of the guests were assembling for tea.

Everybody was curious concerning Bruce's long absence. He had barely started his explanation when Marcia arrived with the hostess. She created an instant sensation, particularly among the men. Bruce, grimly smiling, watched the young artist charm the party.

He could not even get near her for a while. However, as she left the line in front of the fireplace with her teacup, he came hastily up, gripped her arm and hurried her off to the library. Seating her at the table, he locked the door and sat down with a sigh.

"At last we are alone," he said. "Now I hope we can think of something to talk about."

"Aren't you going to eat?" Marcia asked.

"Yes, I've bribed the maid to bring my tea in here."

There was a complicated system of knocks on the door. Bruce unbolted it and said, "Pass, friend." The maid entered, left him a hot cup of tea, and departed. Bruce sat down across from Marcia.

"Think how happy we can be," he said, "eating alone like this at friends' houses. Now we've found each other, what's to prevent us going through life together hand in hand?"

"Numerous things," she answered.

"Righto," Bruce said. "To all intents and purposes our romance is completely organised."

Marcia smiled.

"My brother is away, but he'll be back any day. When he comes I'll have him do a portrait of you."

"Your brother?" Marcia said, and her voice had grown excited. "That's why your name seemed familiar when I first heard it! Is your brother Peter Camden?"

"None other."

"Oh, he's one of my heroes! I think he's wonderful! Tell me all about him."

"Some other time," Bruce said. "Let's discuss me first. You would be amazed at how fascinating I—"

"Please, please," Marcia interrupted. "I can always hear your little falsehoods. Tell me about Peter Camden."

Not too pleased, Bruce began on his memories of Pete, which were naturally considerable. Marcia listened with her grey eyes glowing. She thought Peter Camden was the greatest painter of his day, and no detail about him was too small.

Then suddenly she got up. "Oh, dear, it's late," she said, "and Cinderella has to thank her hostess and run. Hand me my glass slipper."

Bruce followed her to the door and unbolted it. He had a pencil and paper ready for her address and telephone number. Marcia hesitated, looking at him uneasily.

"I promise I won't abuse the privilege," Bruce said. "I won't be round more than once a day."

"It's not that," Marcia said, and her expression was peculiar. "I—I just don't know how to say it . . . but you might feel happier if we didn't pursue this meeting. To-day has been lots of fun. To-morrow may not. Couldn't we be satisfied with our memories?"

"No, we couldn't. That would lower our morale. Let's have the vital statistics."

She gave him the required information. Then she resignedly let him kiss her good-night. He seemed very happy, but she didn't.

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Letitia's Logic

By . . .
PEGGY WRIGHT

"I KNEW it was murder as soon as I saw the body," Letitia Seaforth told us, looking round the dinner table with that air of quiet triumph that is so irritating, particularly in middle-aged women.

We had reached the coffee and cigarettes stage; the green candles on the table were burning low, and the garden through the french window was cold with moonlight.

For a moment there was a shivery little silence in the room, and then Letitia made a slight show of not wishing to go on, but I could see that she was happy in the prospect of a good audience. It was not often that she had a chance to take the centre of the stage, and she made the most of it.

As a matter of fact, nobody had expected that Letitia would be present that evening, so soon after the tragedy. But the dinner was informal, and in any case she had never been one to indulge in false sentiment or to worry about appearances.

Her only concession to convention was the sombre hue of her dinner gown. Black emphasised the sallowness of her complexion and the angular lines of her figure, but in some strange way it also managed to lend her a certain air of distinction.

No one wanted to hear how or why Letitia had formulated her opinions on the Greenwood murder. It was over and done with. A lovely young girl was dead, and a chap we had all known had been convicted of the crime.

We could read details in the paper if we wished, of anything Letitia had said in evidence at the trial that day. But she was seeing herself in the role of sleuth. I suspected she had been unable to talk as much as she wished in giving evidence, and was determined to tell us of the way her mind "worked"—a feat she was always proud of in any circumstances.

The papers had told us some time ago, with an excessive amount of black type, that Shirley Greenwood, the only daughter of Silas Greenwood (who made a fortune from the production of an inexpensive brand of pickles) had been found drowned in the swimming-pool at the back of the pretentious home Silas had built for his wife just before her death.

Shirley had recently celebrated her eighteenth birthday, and on the night of her death a big party had been arranged for her debut.

As usual, Silas had spared no expense for the pleasure of his adored daughter. He had hired the best dance orchestra available, and filled the house with flowers.

Plans had been made to string the gardens with Chinese lanterns, and to floodlight the swimming-pool.

But the party had never taken place, because when the guests started to arrive Shirley could not be found. A couple of hours later, when search parties had failed, and someone thought there must have been an accident and hesitatingly suggested the pool, two volunteers dived and found Shirley's body.

It lay under the yellow glare of the floodlights, dressed in a debutante frock of pale pink chiffon, with a large ruby pendant round the neck.

There was a nasty lump on the back of the head, indicating that the girl had been stunned before immersion.

Her father said that he could only think that she had gone out to look at the pool before the party, slipped on the wet stone edging, tried to save herself, and fallen backwards, striking her head across the corner of the structure as she fell, and losing consciousness. There was no one about at the time, and she had drowned.

Later, when the police arrived, he explained this idea to them as they stood among the supper tables at the water's edge.

It was impossible, he told them brokenly, that there could be any thought of suicide.

Shirley had had everything that any girl could desire. She had been very excited about the party, and about a trip abroad which he had promised her as soon as travelling facilities permitted.

It was after everyone had been questioned, including Letitia, an old family friend who was Greenwood's social secretary and Shirley's chaperon, that the police assured him that they did not suspect suicide.

Instead, they believed that Shirley had been murdered.

The next day Cyril Hayman, a young law student, was arrested and charged with the crime.

Today he had been tried and found guilty of it.

Letitia was leaning forward with her elbows on the polished table and said dramatically:

"I knew it was murder. I told them so from the first. And I'll tell you why.

"They say every murderer makes one mistake. Cyril Hayman did, and it took a woman to notice it. If it hadn't been for me he would have been perfectly safe.

"You probably know that Cyril had been running round with Shirley for several months before the party. There was a good deal of gossip about it, because Cyril was pretty hard up. Some people thought he had an eye on Shirley's money, but I think he was really in love with her."

SHE paused, obviously enjoying the rapt attention focused on her, then went on:

"I know it's not done to speak ill of the dead, but even her best friends would have to admit that Shirley was badly spoiled, although she had some lovable qualities. Her father thought nothing was good enough for her, and he just let her run wild.

"He was rather pleased when Cyril came on the scene. The boy didn't have much money, but Silas knew that he was doing well at law school. He often told me that he had a big future ahead of him, and only needed a little encouragement to make good. I'm pretty sure he intended to help him along after he'd graduated.

"But after a while Shirley began to get bored with Cyril, and took to getting about with a more sophisticated crowd, so Cyril didn't see nearly so much of her. Also, she was all worked up about her world tour, and made it pretty plain to Cyril that, although she was willing to be friendly, she had no intention of taking him seriously.

"Cyril took this very much to heart. For weeks he'd been drinking too heavily, dodging lectures, and generally making a fool of himself hanging round the Greenwood home for glimpses of Shirley, and pestering her to go out with him. She found his tactics exasperating, but because Silas liked him she could not definitely forbid him to enter the house.

"Shirley told me she didn't want to ask him to her debutante dance, but her father insisted. He said the boy was a friend of his, and he wouldn't have him left out.

"Now, what I think happened was this:

"Cyril had been drinking heavily before the party. He must have arrived early, and, instead of ringing at the front door, had gone round to the back where Shirley had her own rooms and entertained her friends. Probably he intended to make a final effort to make her see sense.

"Shirley might be annoyed, but the visit would not surprise her, because he had often used the back entrance before.

"They quarrelled again, and Cyril, desperate and fuddled with drink, struck her a heavy blow on the back of the head as she turned away from him — carried her to the swimming-pool through the back garden, which was unlit at the time, slid her into the water, and left her to drown.

"The shock of his action probably sobered him after a few minutes. He returned to the house by the front door and mingled with the first guests, who were already wondering why their hostess had not appeared.

"Oh yes, it could have been a very neatly-carried-out murder indeed, if it hadn't been for that one bad mistake."

LETITIA leaned back again in her chair and lit another cigarette with a chromium lighter.

There was an instant murmur of conversation, and then Colonel Jakes cut through it with a question.

"What you tell us is very interesting, Miss Seaforth," he said. "But I am sure we would all like to know just how you managed to arrive at this—er—ingenious conclusion."

Our guests looked expectantly at Letitia, who was obviously savoring the importance of the moment. She blew a smoke ring before replying.

When she spoke her voice had a staccato accent, and I thought that here was a woman I would not like to have for an enemy. I was not surprised that she had remained unmarried.

"I didn't see why he should get off with it," she said with quiet venom. "Most men don't give most women a fair spin in this world, anyway. Shirley had a perfect right to get all she could out of life . . .

"Cyril made the mistake of trying to make the whole affair too plausible.

"I knew that as soon as I saw the ruby pendant round Shirley's neck.

"Obviously, he had picked it up from the dressing-table, where I saw it that afternoon—Shirley was always careless with her jewellery—and, thinking she planned to wear it, fastened it on to make it look as if she had strolled out to the pool fully dressed for the party. Naturally he didn't want anyone to think she had been interrupted before her toilet was complete.

"It would not occur to a man that Shirley would never dream of wearing that ruby pendant—it clashed horribly—with a pale pink dress. Any woman would have known better than that.

"But I had another reason for being sure that Shirley didn't fasten the pendant herself.

"I knew, and Shirley and her father were the only others who knew, that Silas was giving her a string of pink pearls as a coming-out present, and she was looking forward to wearing them at the party. The dress was designed to match them.

"He was going to place them round her throat when she reached the foot of the stairs."

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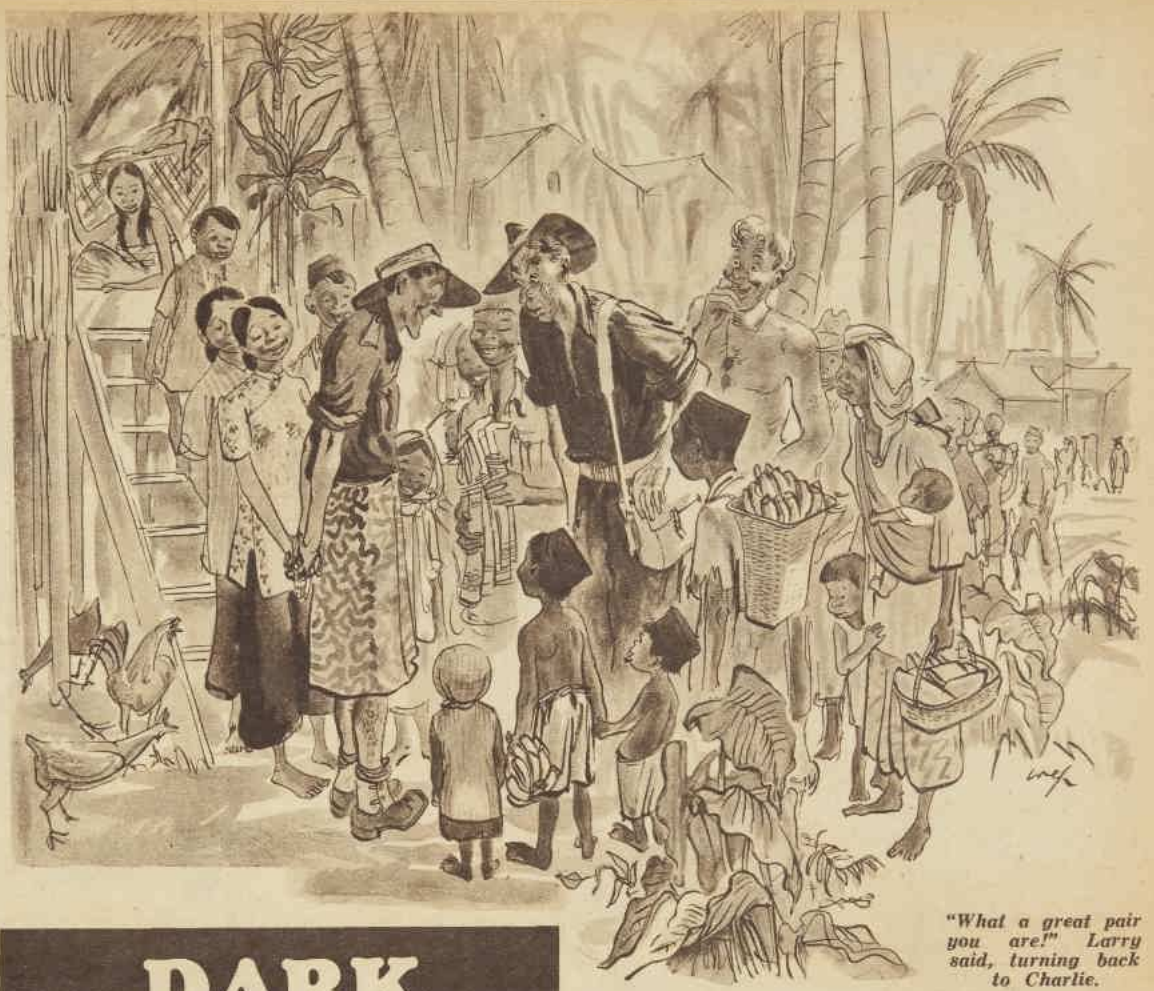

"What a great pair you are!" Larry said, turning back to Charlie.

DARK MARKET

By JOHN E. DAWSON

"TAKE us along, Mac?" The American sailor looked puzzled. He moved round the ramp of the waiting barge and came toward us. I smiled ingratiatingly as he approached.

Rowley and Charlie nudged me with heartening assurance that now was the best time to produce "the bait" for this intended excursion, and a close study of the beaming curiosity on the sailor's face confirmed this. I would rather have waited, but the morning was wearing on. Who would have thought it so hard, though? After all, Balikpapan Bay was littered with barges of all shapes and sizes.

The sailor joined us and lit up with accentuated interest like red-fired clouds as I dropped the tempting bag at his feet.

"You see, it's like this," I went on. "We want to get up the river to where the big native village is, and at the moment it's a case of paddle our own canoe. Hitch-hiking on Neptune's highway! We thought perhaps you could take us most of the way on your morning run to Pandassri, or whatever they call the joint. The mouth . . ."

"Show him the boodle!" Rowley prompted.

The sailor stooped and felt at the sides of the bag. Japanese invasion notes spilled from its open top and scattered on the sand. A gust of wind, whipped up by a passing jeep, blew them about in a colorful column.

"Say! You guys been robbing a Jap bank? I haven't seen so much dough in years."

"In a way. A sort of mint," Charlie offered. "How would you like to get on to some of this stuff, Mac?"

"Give him the lot," Rowley said.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "You drop us at the mouth of the river in this iron sea-chariot of yours and you can keep this bag of oscar. Good souvenir oscar. Full to the brim. Then all you have to do is pick us up this afternoon at the same place and bring us back. Easy, isn't it?"

"Money from home." Charlie was always encouraging.

"Why, sure! When do you guys want to go?"

The impulse to say "now" died on my lips as he lifted the bag with one hand and ushered us aboard the waiting barge with the other. We trod the ramp as Princes of Borneo. The deal was closed. We were on our way.

Through the channel and round the mine buoys the barge ploughed along, to rise and fall with a skirting spray shooting from its flat-nosed bow. The sun was warm and not yet too hot. The skyline lay faintly obscured by a hazy film of mist, and almost blended with the battle-scarred hills.

If the problem of water travel was at all evident at the bay, it proved easily overcome for river transport. As the barge neared the mouth of the river, fishing canoes and boats manned by Chinese and Malayan natives sped towards us amid excited chants and cries.

A FEW guilders changed hands with an eager request, and we were transferred to one of the small craft. The barge, after a reminding jolt of the evening's rendezvous, roared off in a frothy path with exhaust gurgling.

The little boat shot through a fantastic maze of fish-traps and headed for the river with an escort of dug-out canoes following.

The river was narrow, fringed with rotting mangrove swamps and arched with a thick cluster of spreading boughs. It twisted and wove its way inland with a changing tide. Wild cockatoos wheeled and screeched protesting cries from a natural playground. Voices were occasionally overtoned by the snorts of indignant crocodiles. A kingdom was being invaded!

"Hey, Larry!" Rowley scrambled forward and sat beside me. "Find out what this old codger wants. He's babbling away like a cement-mixer."

The old man in the bow was Chinese. He had a close-cropped head and a nut-stained smile. I listened carefully to his impetuous flow of Malay.

"He wants to know if we have anything to trade. He says there is good trading in the village."

Charlie considered a moment and rubbed his hands. "That's why we're here, brother. Tell him we'll wait till we get there, though. We'll see what they've got first"—then as an afterthought—"Oh, boy! A man will just about buy this place for a cracker."

The old man's retorted "bagoes" still echoes in my ears even now. The Australians were "bagoes"—good; very welcome. Nippon no good. Telda bagoes! No good at all.

"Take a look at the village." My surprise startled me. "The whole community has turned out to see us."

Rowley grinned. "They must breed kids in battalions here. Look at this lot. Thousands of them. Licorice all sorts!"

The village reated on the crest of a hill with surrounding gardens laid out on sloping glades. Native children and men ran in a wild rush to meet us, while women remained at their doors in their own shy way.

In another minute we were swamped with exuding friendship. Children swooped and pawed at us with every step.

"Charlie! For Pete's sake, give me a hand here. I've even got kids in my ears." It was Rowley. He threw out his arms with protecting waves. They plucked at his shirt with frenzied efforts.

"Australian bagoes! Australian bagoes!"

"Berapa . . . How much?"

"You want to sell your shirt?" I asked. "Because that's what they want." I found it hard to suppress a smile, but soon had similar troubles of my own.

Charlie was bewildered. "What do they want us to do? A bloomin' strip tease! Tell them we came to buy things, not to sell them."

A young native came after us, his arms laden with wood carvings and hand-painted cloths. An assortment of rings studded with pearls flashed before my eyes.

A pretty girl turned up from nowhere to face us with bunches of fruit. Her long, tapered fingers indicated ten guilders, and I would have laughed but for my amazement and her wistful look.

I turned to Charlie. "Did you say we could buy this place? They all seem to talk in tens here."

"Yeah, I know. Someone's trying to sell me a ring for two hundred guilders. Holy cats! They must think a man's a millionaire. Two hundred guilders. I could buy the missus a wireless for that. What's 'soo-soo,' anyhow?"

"Milk," I explained. "Give them a tin for a bunch of bananas. They all want milk."

We pushed past the milling crowd and walked on through the village, but were soon stopped again with a barricade of thrusting hands.

"You know the lingo, Larry. Find out what's doing."

"They mean guilders and not cents, if that's what you mean. There's a Javanese fellow here who wants us to come to his place for coffee."

"Has he any nice daughters?" Charlie broke off abruptly as a beautiful girl smiled a welcome from a nearby sak-sak hut. Dark, lustrous hair reached to her shoulders, and a snug, colored sarong clung to her well-formed figure and shapely hips. A string of brindled beads moulded from shells encircled her throat.

"Have a bo-peep at those beads," exclaimed Charlie. "Just the thing. The missus will go mad over them." And with that he was gone.

"He picks his customers well," Rowley remarked. "She's a regular peach. I wouldn't mind buying a pair of beads myself. A man would just about get a string for a tin of bully beef."

Five minutes passed with no sign of Charlie. From inside the house I heard a woman's laugh. It echoed, and mingled with men's voices. I began to think . . . And then I just didn't think at all.

Gunner Charlie appeared in the doorway with a loincloth hanging from his waist and replacing his trousers. I looked for his hands, but except for the beads they were as empty as the local pub.

"What's happened to you? Where's your pants?" I asked.

He flushed and looked embarrassed. He tried vainly to force a smile. "I couldn't understand a word she was saying, so she went away and left her old man to trade with me. He kept pointing to my duds. I didn't know what he wanted. I offered him money for the beads, and he wouldn't take it. Then he dazzled me with a lot of talk, and before I knew what I was doing I had swapped my pants." He gulped. "Nice beads, ain't they?"

I stood and gaped at him, but my thoughts would not clarify. Rowley was beside me, his brown shoulders bare as a desert. His shirt was missing!

He seemed quite unconcerned. "Well, don't look at me like that. At least I'm not as bad as Big Chief Charlie here. They drive a hard bargain all right. I got a Jap fountain-pen for my shirt and hat." He looked at me mockingly. "When are you going to start shedding? It's the only way to get something."

"Well, what a great pair you are. I turn my back for a few minutes and what happens? We come up here for a nice peaceful day to trade a few tins of bully beef and in no time you're uncivilised. Haven't you any will power?"

By afternoon I was also minus a hat and shirt. Clothes were in big demand. I staggered under a shaded verandah, loaded with curios and souvenirs, and flopped down exhausted. Rowley and Charlie trailed behind with superior grins.

"You'll finish up going back to camp in the raw soon. Aren't you that fellow who was slinging off at us?"

"That's not funny! We're getting out of this place while I've still got my boots. I never want to see the joint again. I trade my hat and then try teaching them two-up so as I can win it back. Now look at me! A little Chinese kid heads them five in a row, and I lose my shirt and twenty guilders. There's nothing 'bagoes' about that, let me tell you. I've had it!"

Charlie smirked and fingered his loincloth. "Be careful you don't dirty my dress with all that junk. I have to wash and iron . . ."

"Oh, be quiet! You won't be so cocky either when you turn up in camp with that rig-out. I can just imagine the reception."

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THE CREAMY CHEESE WITH ZEST!

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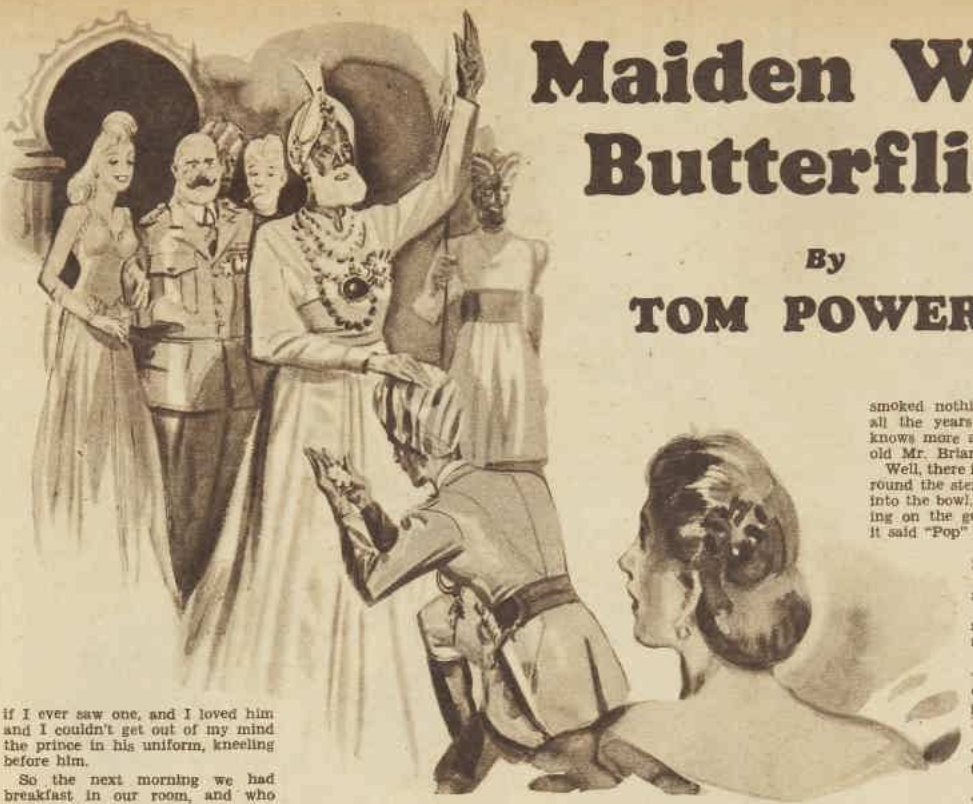
Concluding our delightful serial of a fascinating modern Cinderella.

Maiden With Butterflies

By

TOM POWERS



The prince knelt before his father, holding up the lotus flower buttons.

A FIRM, quick step sounded, coming along the stone floor of the hall. I looked quickly about the room, at Aunt Mary and the old prince, at Sir Gerald and Lady Burroughs, but their faces told me nothing, and all the time the steps were coming closer.

I thought, it's not our prince, Halla Bandah, that's coming. These steps are too firm and hard for him. It's the other one, the wicked brother. And I felt all cold, and butterflies started fluttering in my stummick.

Then he got to the door and came just one step in and stopped there with his heels making a pop of a sound, and I thought to myself, It's nobody I ever saw before in my life.

But it was, you bet. But what a difference.

Halla Bandah looked tall, and no wonder. He was in a uniform and with boots with heels, and with the things on his shoulders to lift them up. And with the big high thing on his head he was tall.

He stood there like a soldier, and like a soldier he spoke to the only other one of us that was a soldier, that was a general, and General Sir Gerald stood and listened to him like on a battlefield.

"I come to report, sir," he says. "My soldiers are ready to go where we are sent. I went away to sell what I could, sir, to get money to buy my brother back to us so he do not make friends with Japanese. Before I go, sir, I do not like speak my fear about my brother, so when English ask me, I will not talk; even to my father. But, sir, before I can get back, my brother he has taken order from Japanese.

"I find he build airfield like he would plant orchard, so now I come tell you, sir, and to my father I must tell that my oath with my brother was a bad oath, so it is no longer."

His eyes looked bigger than ever but he said the next thing he said slow and quiet.

"Sir," he says, "I have done what I think is my duty. I take over my brother's State, I use this money I collect in America and Africa to finish airfield for British. And, sir, me and my soldiers are now at your service."

He saluted. Then the walked over and kneeled before his father, and he held up his two hands and in them was the lotus flower buttons, one on top of the other. And the old prince, he put his hand on his boy's head and blessed him.

Everything was still for a minute. Then the old prince said, "Where is your brother now?"

The prince got up and, "I have had him arrested in the name of my father," he said.

The father stood still a long time, then he said, "You have done well." And he excused himself and took the prince away, and Aunt Mary let me cry all over her dark blue formal.

So we went upstairs and sat and talked with Lady Burroughs while Sir Gerald was with both princes, old and young, downstairs.

We talked it all over, but I didn't talk much, because I had seen the old prince's face and I knew how he felt. That old man was a saint if I ever saw one, and I loved him and I couldn't get out of my mind the prince in his uniform, kneeling before him.

So the next morning we had breakfast in our room, and who should bring it up but the two serving boys that I had got to calling Bill and Coo by now. There was flowers on the tray same as always, a white orchid for me and something dark red for Aunt Mary.

While we was eating, Aunt Mary told me that we was to go back in the car to Calcutta with Sir Gerald and Lady Burroughs and that I had done a good job and that it wasn't Mr. Hoover had paid for my clothes but the British Government, but she couldn't tell me before. So she told me now.

She had had all my things moved over here from the prince's house and she said I was welcome to take with me whatever I wanted to, but since I was going to be flown to Australia by the R.A.F., which stands for British Flying Core I could only take one bag, and she had picked out the best things for me to take in it.

Then she showed me a jewellery case that was very pretty that had been hers, and she said she wanted me to have it as a present.

I says, "What will I need that for?"

And she says, "You'll have a few little trinkets unless I am very much mistaken. Besides," she says, "if I had only fourteen strings of real pearls and an emerald anklet I wouldn't feel entirely unadorned," she says.

Then Aunt Mary gave me a big wad of English money, and my passport that I didn't know I had one, but it seemed that Mr. Wens had gotten it and brought it with him to Mexico City that time, and she had kept it for me.

So we got ready to go downstairs, and then Aunt Mary said she sure wished she had me for a real niece, and I said I sure wished I had her for a real aunt and no lie, and we was downstairs in the big room with the tiger head to stumble over, and she left me with Mr. Bosco, and said we'd meet at the car when I was ready.

Well, he took me up that long stone stairs-steps and then through the gallery to the door of the chapel with the hand altar where they kept Hankah.

And there the old prince was, with the morning sunlight from the one little window shining on his white hair.

He had a little carved ivory box with silver on it, and he said he wanted to give me something to take with me, and it was the chain that Hallah Bandah had worn on his neck with the ruby ring, Hankah, on it.

I thought how nice, and the chain was beautiful, with flat little old links. And he said he wanted me to have something to take the place of the ring that I had saved, and he began unlocking the little ivory box with a tiny key. And the key turned and the little ivory box came open.

In it was a diamond, and I knew it was no rhinestone, because they don't make 'em that big.

It was set in a band of gold with a little gold ring on it, so he threaded the chain in it, and let it hang down and it just trembled and sparkled like a dewdrop as big as a hazelnut.

I couldn't thank him, because I knew it was worth a terrific lot, and I thought of how kind it was of him. And I started to try to say thank you, but something come over me and before I hardly knew it I dropped down on my knees, and he put his hand on my head and I got up, and he kissed me on the forehead.

Mr. Bosco was waiting for me outside the door. "You get present?" he says.

"Yes," I says, and I showed it to him.

"Very pretty," he said, and he weighed it in his hand.

"Yes," I says, "but most of all I love it because he gave it to me."

"That's right," he said, and we walked down a few steps and he stopped again.

"I got no present for you," he says, but he sure didn't look sad about it.

"Don't you worry," I says, "I've still got that little green ornament you gave me."

"That little scarab bring you much luck, many grandchildren. That little scarab made of jade," he says.

"It's very nice," I says, "so you see I don't need any going-away present from you, because I couldn't never forget you, Mr. Bosco."

He looked at me with one eye squinted.

"No," he said, "I got no present for you now, but I got present. You don't smoke pipe?"

"No," I says, "do the girls in Burma smoke pipes?"

"Sometimes," he says, "but I no got pipe for little girl. This pipe English pipe. This pipe man's pipe. This pipe present for American gentleman."

"Who?" I says.

"Pop," says Mr. Bosco, and he laughed and took a polished wood box out of his pocket and gave it to me.

I couldn't hardly see how to open it, but I did. Inside of it, on a purple silk cushion, was a briar pipe, that I knew Pop would die for. Because for somebody that had smoked nothing but corncob pipes all the years I've known him, he knows more about briar pipes than old Mr. Briar.

Well, there it was with a gold band round the stem and a gold band let into the bowl, and I saw some writing on the gold and I looked, and it said "Pop" on it.

I tried to thank him for Pop, but I couldn't.

"I guess I'm going now," I says.

"You be careful," he says, "you got young man at Chicago?"

"Yes," I says. "Anyway, I hope he' in Chicago. If I don't pass him on the way. He's a soldier," I says.

"Good," he says, "you be careful." And then he gave me a card.

"You ever need me, you let me know," he says, and I knew he meant it. So we shook hands, and then he took me to the door of another room.

"You go in there," he says.

"What for?" I says.

"You see," he says, and he put his little old black hat down on his ears, and that's the last I ever saw of Mr. Bosco, except his hat, and I did see that again just once.

So I knocked on the door and it opened, and there was Prince Halla Bandah Rookh looking at me.

It looked like he couldn't say anything.

"Listen," I says, "I'm sorry for you. About your brother. But I know you done right," I says. "And another thing, I got to ask your pardon for what I did to you."

"What?" he says.

"Well," I says, "I knew after a while you liked me, but I couldn't very well go back after I started, and I felt guilty, because you see Aunt Mary, she's not my aunt at all."

"I know," he says.

"Yes," I says, "you know now, but you didn't know she was watching you."

"I did," he says. "I knew all the time."

"Then why did you let her?" I says.

"Because," and his eyes were soft as velvet, "because so long as they think they fool me, just so long I can keep you with me," he says, and he touched my hand.

Well, I couldn't say a thing to that.

"You are right not to marry me," he says. "This is a time for a man to go to war. But always, always, I will remember you, and your beauty, and your goodness, and that across this world somewhere, I hope, I have a friend."

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DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE

Printed Treasures

134WW4: FLOWERED LAWN NIGHTGOWN trimmed with picot frills, makes a welcome addition to your undie collection. Colours are peach, white, lemon, blue or nile. Sizes S.W. to O.S. **25/4**, 11 coupons.

134WW1: FLOWERED VOILE NIGHTGOWN with a frilled V-neck comes in pink, blue, white, lemon and nile. S.W., W., O.S. **21/5** and 11 coupons.

"Good Companions"

IN GAY PRINTED COTTONS

31WW6: "CLAUDIA" is the pretty, Bayadere Printed Cotton Gown illustrated above in green and white. Actually, that same design is obtainable on navy, saxe or pink grounds, all of which take happily to the tub and give grand wear. Sizes 32 to 44. At **95/-** and 15 coupons.

31WW7: "JANIE" comes in a vivid "Fern and Flower" Print in colours as illustrated, or green, violet and black on a white ground. Made of a splendid washing variety of cotton. Sizes 32 to 44. At **49/11** and 15 coupons.

134WW3: FLOWERED LAWN NIGHTGOWN with the wide shoulders and cute buttoned front comes in peach, white, lemon, nile or blue. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. **25/4**, 11 coupons.

134WW2: FLOWERED VOILE NIGHTGOWN with a becoming square neck prettily befrilled is available in pink, white, blue, lemon or nile. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. **21/5** and 11 coupons

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725485

Paris figurine exhibition enchants London

Doll mannequins depict latest trends in dress fashions

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The exhibition of figurines which Paris dressed and is sending round the world to show French fashions has captivated London.

Thousands queue up daily to see what the Paris designers are dictating. Not only is the exhibition proving a link with Paris, but it is a stimulus to British fashion.

Every day groups of fashion designers can be seen sketching the models. Students of dress-designing colleges are visiting the exhibition as part of their course.

"THEATRE LIFE," most fascinating of the many beautiful sets in the Paris figurine exhibition, now on show in London.

DESIGNER OF FIGURES, Elaine Bonabel, with models, one of paisley silk, other of blue crepe.

PARTIES of schoolchildren travel from every part of England to see what French clothes are like in French settings.

Servicegirls who have seen little but uniform for six years are thrilled to look at the new styles, created in Paris, on the dainty wire-legged figurines.

It is not the intention of the French dressmaking industry to entrust the figurines with any commercial mission.

They do not represent business interests, but are symbols of the indestructibility of French craftmanship.

Their shipment overseas to London and other world capitals is a courteous gesture as elegant as French design itself.

The exhibition is not intended to represent luxury or the lavish use of materials.

It is a proof of ingenuity and good taste, proof to the world that even under the heel of the Nazis Paris fashion-houses safeguarded their independence so that one of the greatest industries in the country could be kept alive.

Artists, sculptors, and theatrical decorators all contributed to make the figurine exhibition something of which Paris could be proud.

There was no question of money. Everyone gave ideas and time. There were few materials available, but scraps of rich velvet, silk, ermine, and brocade were unearthed.

Jewels that had been hidden from the Germans were brought out. Wire was twisted into figures, and masks and elegant coiffures were fashioned.

All worked together

THE whole "Fantasy of Fashion" expresses in an unusual manner the tendencies of contemporary style.

France was suffering keenly when the exhibition was being prepared.

After four years of oppressive occupation without heat, light, or transport, the whole dressmaking industry worked on the dolls, which are a tribute to the wonderful spirit of France.

The dolls are in sets, each with a theme.

Most fascinating is "Theatre Life." This gives an authentic picture of all that we are accustomed to include under the name of theatre.

The beautiful evening gowns, the gold and purple hangings, the magic blaze of lights call back memories of those wonderful places in Paris where during three hours one lived a life removed from reality.

In the next set you have the feeling that you are in an elegant salon.

Majestic hangings, dazzling chandeliers and crowds of beautifully dressed people give the effect of a brilliant reception.

The figurines are dressed in gold and silver lames, soft silks, and tissues, with spangles and jewels.

From the salon you pass to the "Enchanted Grotto" and find yourself in fairyland.

Out of the ground rises fantastic architecture, pillars, rugged rocks, staircases sweeping upward, and half-ruined arches linked by waving garlands.

SLACKS and striped blazer with a jockey cap, and a summer dress of brown and white striped silk, with cape bodice—in the "Enchanted Grotto" set.

The background shows up the deep coloring of the dresses.

They are all in pure, clear tones, and there is an air of mystery and drama about the set.

The next is designed as a tribute to Rene Clair, producer of "I Married a Witch," and it is intended to conjure up the fatalistic atmosphere of the film.

Designer Jean Cocteau, carried away by his inspiration, outstrips his original aim.

Five years of war has made the incredible become an everyday occurrence in Paris. The scene in a devastated room in which figures of great elegance continue to move might well be taken as a symbol of the whole exhibition.

The Palais Royal, featured in the next set, holds many memories for Parisians, though nowadays its long galleries are deserted.

Against the background of garden and stone is a group of modern young French girls, just as charming to-day in their new styles as were the women of the romantic period who once thronged the galleries.

In "The City" the figurines are dressed in simple tailor-made suits that are youthful and purposeful.

You get a real breath of Paris from the procession of figures against the skyline of Paris.

LUCIEN LELONG evening gown of black and grey fine corded silk. The designers all gave their time and materials for the show.

Then a peep into a French home—how few tourists ever have this real pleasure.

This set is a drawing-room in some aristocratic home.

Behind the heavily curtained windows you can feel the presence of the town and its glamor, its lights and its crowds.

But, within, everyone seems to want to forget this.

The drawing-room is like the inside of a golden casket. Everything is golden — hangings, curtains, some flower vases in a niche, and a bronze horse.

The party dresses are elegant long models, with high necks and long sleeves. The hostess is welcoming her guests in a directoire gown.

Town clothes

THE sparkling air of a spring morning has been captured in "Morning in the Champs-Elysees." Women in smart town clothes are walking beneath the trees with their fresh, green leaves.

Here are all the styles of the fashion houses that fill you with envy and make you long for some of the full-sized models.

Another set is "The Matchless Garden." Pretty fluffy frocks are worn and a musical box is being played.

The "Roundabout" shows Paris in a festive mood on the merry-go-round.

The "Paris Sketch" gives an impression of the city. Against a sketchy decor figures strut in tailor-mades, which are rich in fantasy but which Paris still seriously calls "classic."

Then there is "Rue de la Paix," which conjures up luxury and elegance; "Port of Nowhere," in which ladies in cocktail frocks are stepping off a ghost boat.

The exhibition has certainly fulfilled its purpose.

No one who sees it could fail to be impressed with the cleverness, originality, and imagination of Parisian dress designers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725486

Editorial

NOVEMBER 10, 1945

PARADOX OF SCIENCE

WHILE some scientists work like beavers to devise new means of destroying life, others are just as actively engaged in finding means to preserve it.

For their work on penicillin, Sir Alexander Fleming, Dr. Boris Chaine, and South Australia's Sir Howard Florey have been awarded the 1945 Nobel prize for the most important discovery in physiology or medicine.

Penicillin is one of the most spectacular medical discoveries of recent years. It has saved thousands of war casualties, promises inestimable benefit to civilians.

Meanwhile the world quivers because scientists in unleashing atomic energy have unleashed the means to destroy mankind completely.

It is a crazy set-up. But it is getting a bit late to dismiss these curious juxtapositions of good and evil as merely crazy.

It is useless to blame scientists. Your discoverer of a wonder-drug is no different in his ethical outlook from your discoverer of a super-weapon.

Nobel himself was proof of that. He was so worried at the consequences of his discovery of dynamite that he left part of his huge fortune for the Nobel Peace Prize as a sop to his conscience.

The people who suffer or benefit by the work of scientists are all the ordinary men and women in the world.

The responsibility rests on these ordinary men and women to see that the discoveries of science are used solely for the good of the human race.

Love letters in braille script

Bride and groom found happiness though blind

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON, of our London office.

Picturesque Northill, a tiny village in Bedfordshire, England, was the setting for the marriage of an American woman, blind from birth, and an Englishman blinded when 14 years old.

Braille letters across the Atlantic were the only means of communication between these two, and out of them romance grew.

ANNOUNCEMENT of their engagement aroused the interest of millions of people in Britain and America.

Happy ending to this braille courtship came when the bride, formerly Mary Mansfield, of Colorado Springs, United States, emerged from the quaint old church on the arm of her husband, Harry Christopher Marsom.

Chris Marsom's blindness came about through two unusual accidents.

The first happened when he was hit by a tennis ball, and lost the sight of one eye.

The second happened six years later, when he was 14 years old. A horse kicked him and destroyed the sight of the remaining eye.

The bride's best friend could not attend the wedding.

Instead she spent it in a quarantine compound in Surrey, where she must stay for six months.

Her name is Arta Young. She is an Alsatian, trained to be the bride's "seeing eye."

Arta is one of thousands of dogs trained by the "Seeing Eye" organisation in the United States to lead the blind as well as be their companions.

The blind person wanting a "Seeing Eye" dog selects it when it is only a puppy, and from the beginning of their association is responsible for feeding and looking after it.

Mutual confidence grows, and with it deep affection.

"Seeing Eye" dogs are so well trained that they can conduct their owners through the heaviest city traffic.

They pause at the kerb until a break in traffic occurs, making the crossing possible.

Even a "Seeing Eye" dog, however, cannot be exempt from the dog immigration laws, and Mary Marsom must manage without her guide for the period ordained by the quarantine authorities.

"Like so many blind people who have had the joy of owning a 'Seeing Eye' dog, I find Arta the most wonderful companion," said the bride.

"It will be sad without her all these months; but our reunion will make up for that.

"What fun it will be to explore the English countryside with her and my husband."

The publicity-shy bridegroom moved to escape with his wife from the church by a back path he knew. But his wife smiled, held his arm, and persuaded him down the steps and through the lych-gate.

For Northill villagers say: "You are not properly married unless you come out through the lych-gate."

Cameras of the world's Press recorded this chapter of the story that began ten years ago, when Chris Marsom, 44-year-old electrical inspector, first contributed articles to Mary Mansfield's American braille magazine, "The Spokesman."

She was 23 years of age and an honors graduate of Colorado University.

Corresponding in letters punched in braille script through thick manilla paper they began to discover in each other deep mutual sympathies, common tastes, and literary interests that with years deepened into affection and romance.

In 1938 they were engaged. But it was not until several weeks ago that the help of Colorado's Senator Johnston and Bedfordshire's Member of Parliament found Mary a passage to England on the liner Justlantia.

At the reception in "The Crown," Northill's centuries-old inn, the bridegroom's sister guided the bride's hands to cut the two-tiered wedding cake.

Mary is petite, vivacious, brown-haired, and confident.

Already Northill's villagers have been won by her ready American friendliness.

While her tall, sparely built husband, who once knew what it was to see, stayed reticently in the background, she kept village guests at their ease with a cheery flow of talk, and bent to smell the bouquet of English roses they had made for her.

"Aren't they lovely?" she said.

Northill village could almost be called Marsom village.

Christopher Marsom's mother runs the thatched post-office.

The inn with its worn benches, shelves gleaming with old pewter, brass trays, and low, weathered oak beams has been in the Marsom family for over a hundred years.

And the inn, post-office, and church make up almost the entire village.

The bridal ensemble that Mary Marsom planned and wore but could not see was a white silk frock flowered with red roses, a flowered hat, and white shoes.

As they left for the honeymoon at a seaside bungalow the bride was dressed in a short fur coat, which, like her silk wedding-frock, is kind to the touch.

As villagers put out their hands to say good-bye, she found them surely, instinctively.

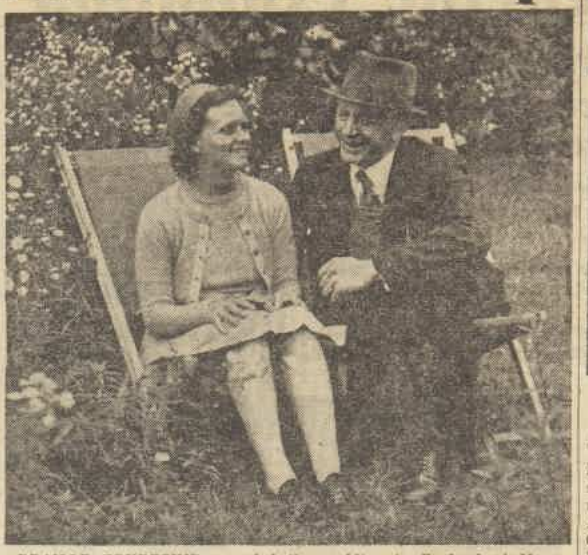
Her husband's grip was fumbling, shy.

Rare happiness shone in their faces.

"Together we plan to start a British braille paper," said Mrs. Mary Marsom. "We shall call it 'Literary Spokesman.' It will be jointly edited."

Mary Marsom declares housekeeping has no terrors for her, and she expects to manage to cook as well as any other bride.

With the acute housing shortage the Marsoms may have some trouble in setting up house; but they are hoping to obtain one of the Government's prefabricated houses.



BRAILLE COURTSHIP preceded the wedding in England of Mary Mansfield, Colorado Springs, U.S.A., and Harry Christopher Marsom, Northill, England.

OUR COVER

OUR cover horse, War Eagle, has fine blood in his veins. He is a son of one of Australia's greatest racing sires, Manitoba, imported from England.

This week, five-year-old War Eagle takes his place for the first time in the classic Melbourne Cup.

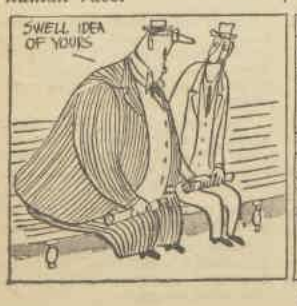
Recently he won the Autumn Cup at Rosehill, N.S.W., and in doing so established a time record for the race.

Mr. J. C. Bendrodt, of Sydney, bought War Eagle for £497/10/, and has refused an offer of twelve and a half thousand guineas for him.

Mr. Bendrodt is also War Eagle's trainer. War Eagle is called "Old Bill" round the stables.

"Old Bill" and Ted Kennedy, his attendant, also in our picture, are inseparable.

The handsome bridle "Old Bill" wears is of hand-beaten sterling silver and rolled leather made in Mexico.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

COL. L. MOORE COSGRAVE

. . . returns to Canada

AFTER ten years in Australia, Canadian official Colonel L. Moore Cosgrave returns to Canada shortly to take up new appointment abroad. First came to Australia as Canadian Trade Commissioner. Since 1942 has been Military Attache to Canadian High Commissioner in Canberra. Was official signatory for Canada at Tokio surrender.

MRS. JESSIE STREET

. . . visited Moscow

ADVISER to Australian delegation at San Francisco Conference, Mrs. Jessie Street also visited Russia as guest of Soviet Red Cross. Was one of sponsors in Australia of Russian Medical Aid Fund, and chairman of Sydney committee. Mrs. Street also visited Yugoslavia and Greece to investigate possibilities of immigration from those countries to Australia.

CAPTAIN C. H. UPHAM

. . . Bar to V.C.

RARE distinction of winning Bar to his V.C. for New Zealander Captain C. H. Upham, of Christchurch. Is third man to gain the double award since inception of decoration, and only man in this war to be so honored. Won V.C. for heroism in Crete in 1941, and Bar for great gallantry in action at Ruwessat, Western Desert. Recently refused £10,000 which New Zealanders proposed to raise to buy him a farm in recognition of his war service. Asked the money be used to assist soldiers' children.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 13 to 24.
SUGAR: 11 and 12.
BUTTER: 16 to 18 (till Nov. 19).
MEAT: Black, 36 to 42 till Nov. 18.
Red and green, 41, 43, 45, 47 till Nov. 18.
CLOTHES: B57-112, Y1-56.

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INTERSTATE INTEREST when Lieut. Neil Yeates, R.A.N.V.R., of Toowoomba, Queensland, marries pretty Marnie Watt, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. R. D. Watt, of Vaucluse. Couple marry at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

FOR MELBOURNE CUP. Fresh-flower hats chosen by attractive sisters Peg and Judy Sanderson, of Melbourne and Billabong Station, N.S.W., to wear with summery frocks at races. Judy just engaged to Sergeant-Pilot Barthold Van Hasselt, N.E.I. Air Force.

FLOWER-DECKED HATS also first favorites with Mrs. Willard Kapoun, wife of U.S. Sergeant Kapoun, and Mrs. Mervyn Barrett for Flemington and Cup Week gaieties.

HOME FROM THE WARS. Lieut. Dick Scandrett, A.I.F., and his pretty bride, formerly June Cohen, leave Shore Chapel with June's sister, Betty, and best man, Captain Mark Lindgren, of Melbourne. Dick and Mark were P.O.W.s together in Malaya.

People and PARTIES

ARRIVE in Melbourne and unpack my suitcase in preparation for the excitement of Cup Week. Melbourne en fete for first peacetime Cup for six years.

Interstate and country visitors pour into city by plane, train, and the lucky ones by car. Great jockeying for place in hotels and guest-houses.

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THERE'S an anxious eye on the weathercock as frocks, hats, shoes, and gloves are unpacked for the great day. Accent is on hats, which are posy-laden platters, a flurry of ostrich feathers, or "bobby" hats in little-girl style.

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IT'S a thrilling time for debutantes and their elder sisters who missed official coming-outs because of the war. They were specially invited by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan, to attend Derby Eve party at Government House. Shortage of evening frocks and shoes a bit trying, but ingenuity prevails, and little Miss 1945 makes her bow to social world looking as pretty as a picture.

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IN fact, Eleanor Wilbur-Ham, pretty 18-year-old, might have stepped down from a gilt-edged painting when she danced at Government House on Derby Eve in a lovely ice-blue brocade period gown, which had also been worn by her grandmother, the late Mrs. Cornelius Ham, at ball given by Governor, Marquis of Normanby, in 1880.

Eleanor's gown fits her to perfection with dainty buttoned, sleeveless jacket and voluminous skirt. Only difference from original is that the train has been skilfully turned up into a wide hem.

• • •

SYDNEY lass to give her Victorian rivals some keen competition is pretty Barbara Saxton, who accompanies her mother, Mrs. Harold Saxton, to Melbourne for the festivities.

Noticed Barbara dancing at Romano's with young Navy lad Christopher Loder, Lord Wakehurst's son, who is still in Australia, before she left for Melbourne. She was wearing a super blue crepe dinner frock, which, I believe, is just one of the many glamor gowns packed in the Saxton luggage. Barbara had plenty of naval partners when she danced at the Royal Naval Victory Ball at the St. Kilda Town Hall last week. Ball was arranged by Vice-Admiral J. W. Rivett-Carnac and officers of his staff.

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WITH H.M.S. King George V and other famous Navy ships in port, the girls all dancing with gold braid background. Cup gaieties launched by Royal Navy with dance for 800 guests at St. Kilda Town Hall. Reception at Government House on Cup Eve and R.A.A.F. dance are big highlights in mad, merry whirl of lunches, cocktails, and dinners.

HAPPY GROUP. Lieut. (j.g.) Thomas Newbold, U.S.N.R., and his bride, formerly Noreen Maxwell, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with attendants Lieut. John Amory, U.S.N.R., and Judy Playfair. Bride, who is a physiotherapist, practised at Johns Hopkins Unit, Herne Bay, and is now in Macquarie Street.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Roderick Wallace and his bride, formerly Yvonne Cover, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, with their attendants, Jack Parker and Pat Moorehouse. Roderick is son of the Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, Sir Robert Wallace, and Lady Wallace, of Hunter's Hill.

BROAD-BRIMMED WHITE HAT with foamy white veiling, a contrast to her smart, black French crepe frock, is worn by Mrs. A. E. Buchanan when she goes to the races with her husband, Captain Buchanan, R.A.N. She pins a spray of fragrant lily of the valley to the corsage of her ensemble.

YOUTHFUL PUNTERS. Sydney visitor Judith Dixon accompanies her cousins, Pam and Nan Dixon, to Cup Week races.

ENJOYING their first Melbourne Cup are Rosemary Norrie and her cousin, Eleanor Kerans, who, with the Governor, Sir Willoughby Norrie, are guests of Sir Winston and Lady Dugan.

• • •

NO doubt about it, the Cup holds interest wherever you go. Chatting to George and Nell Edwards in foyer of Minerva on opening night of new show, "Pink String and Sealing Wax," I hear they are off to pick the winners for the Derby and Cup. Nell, by the way, looks most glamorous in one of her new frocks ready for Melbourne's gala festivities—a lovely model in white crepe featuring new cap sleeves and elaborately sequinned in gold. Another eye-taking ensemble is worn by Mrs. Roland Walton, who is just back from America with her husband. Her choice is one of the American short frocks for night wear—black skirt with snappy top of black and white wide checks.

ONLY two women at reception aboard Warramunga following investiture of Commander N. A. MacKinnon, R.A.N., with U.S. Legion of Honor Medal, were Mrs. MacKinnon and Mrs. Nobby Clarke, wife of 'Munga's captain.

• • •

BUZZ of conjecture as to who will be next in line for romance among attractive staff of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester . . . Charming Commander Alec Robertson, dashing Michael Hawkins, handsome Sandy Ramsay, or the Duchess' own niece, who is her Second Lady-in-Waiting, Eileen Phipps.

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I CAN see the telephone wires at Double Bay running hot when Virginia Heath, attractive granddaughter of Sir Claude and Lady Reading, returns from Canberra with all the "doings" about THE wedding.

Joyce

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"The Red Cross has become, wherever its banner is unfurled, synonymous with honour, kindness and devotion. Its services are accepted with gratitude not only on the battlefield . . . but also in times of peace, wherever there is a combat to be waged for the assistance of suffering humanity."

THE RED CROSS PEACE TIME PLAN

RED CROSS MUST CARRY ON IN PEACE

WITH the coming of Peace, Red Cross Workers everywhere are asking about the Society's plans for the future. Will Red Cross carry on, and in what way? Some have suggested that Red Cross work will cease entirely, or that it will only be a shadow of its former self, and, therefore, little money will be required. This announcement is made to give Red Cross Workers, who have rendered such valiant service in War, a complete picture of what Red Cross proposes to do—and must do—in the years to come, unless it is false to its trust.

It is true that there will not be so many demands upon Red Cross in Peace as there were in war. But there must still be service to the suffering; the sick and wounded sailors, soldiers, and airmen still in hospital—many of whom will be there for years—some for the rest of their lives; prisoners-of-war whose health has been shattered and who must be watched over and helped to readjustment, and the great army of ex-servicemen and women who have been discharged through illness or wounds, and who, in time of trouble, will turn unhesitatingly to Red Cross for help.

RED CROSS BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE

This service, which saved the lives of countless Australian sick and wounded in the Middle East and the Pacific, will continue as a peace-time activity for sick and wounded ex-Service personnel in hospitals and for civilians in all walks of life—the service being free of all cost.

RED CROSS SOCIAL SERVICE

Trained Red Cross Social Workers and Medical Social Workers will continue their work of assisting ex-servicemen and women, and particularly Prisoners of War, to adjust themselves to civilian life. Red Cross Scholarships will be continued to enable men and women to train as Social Workers at Australian Universities.

RED CROSS HANDCRAFT SERVICE

Red Cross workshops, staffed by trained personnel, will continue in all military hospitals and Red Cross Convalescent Homes, and special workshops will be, established in capital cities for continuing the instruction of ex-servicemen and women in all branches of handcrafts to help them in civil life.

RED CROSS LIBRARY SERVICE

Red Cross Libraries, which have given such comfort to the Armed Forces in Base Hospitals and Field Hospital Units will be continued, and, where possible, extended to civilian institutions.

RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOMES

Red Cross Homes and T.B. Hospitals and Sanatoria will be maintained in order to care for men and women of this war and of the 1914-18 war, also certain civilian cases. The Red Cross Rehabilitation Farm, "Gilbulla," in New South Wales, will provide discharged servicemen with special treatment and facilities.

RED CROSS AIDS, V.A.D.'s AND JUNIOR RED CROSS

Red Cross Voluntary Groups will be reorganised and developed in order to strengthen the spearhead of youth so vital to the future of Red Cross in Australia. These, together with Red Cross Workers generally, will be trained for helping in hospitals, for hospital visiting, helping invalids and disabled persons and providing transport.

RED CROSS OVERSEAS RELIEF

In co-operation with U.N.R.R.A., Red Cross is maintaining two units in Greece for the relief of suffering—the personnel comprising men and women trained in medicine, nutrition, and general hygiene.

PROMOTION OF HEALTH

Red Cross will continue special training in child management, home nursing and first-aid. It will support kindergartens and creches, help crippled children and incapacitated persons, and give practical help in T.B. Clinics, immunization schemes, mass radiology and x-ray examinations.

RED CROSS NUTRITION SERVICE

In many centres throughout Australia, women are gaining benefit and practical knowledge from Red Cross lectures on nutrition. Now that our men are returning from prison camps in Japan, wives and mothers are anxious to find out all they can about the intricacies of diet, nutrition lectures also help them to give their school-age children the most beneficial lunches.

EVACUEES FROM WAR ZONES

Red Cross is giving, and will continue to give, full service to civilian evacuees from the Far East who have found a temporary home in Australia. Hostels are maintained in New South Wales with accommodation for over 1,000 people, including special provision for family units.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The foregoing should convince every Red Cross Worker that Red Cross must go on—that you, as a Red Cross Worker, must go on—in fulfilment of that glorious work for humanity for which Red Cross shone like a beacon across the world during the dark days of war, and will continue to shine so long as civilisation shall last.

J. Newman Morris

CHAIRMAN

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week produces some of the year's most adverse radiations as well as some very helpful ones. The result may be rather chaotic for many people.

This applies especially to those who are unwary or rash, and even more particularly to those born under the signs Taurus, Leo, Aquarius, and Capricorn—with some Arians, Cancerians, Librans, and Scorpions coming in for a spot of bother also.

Therefore take care, and strive to beat those starry influences. Forewarned is forearmed, and this knowledge of the possibilities can prove immensely helpful.

For Pisceans and a good many Cancerians and Scorpions the week has possibilities of good fortune, too.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for the week:

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Nov. 8 (to 8 p.m.), all 9 and 10, and much of 12 can be very difficult. Live quietly, avoiding changes, discord, accidents.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware indiscretions, losses, partings, discord, opposition, and unwise changes now. Especially on Nov. 6, 11, 12, and 13; Nov. 4 to 10 poor, too. Routine strongly advised.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Nov. 12 (forenoon and late afternoon) fair. Nov. 13 very helpful (except 9 to 11 a.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A very confusing week. Opportunities, gains, happiness possible, but trouble, too. Especially on Nov. 8 (morning and mid-evening), and from Nov. 9 to 12.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): A week for caution, patience, routine. Avoid discord, changes, aggression. Nov. 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 all adverse.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Nov. 6 can be fairly helpful, but be cautious between Nov. 7 and 12.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Nov. 6, 7 quite helpful. But 8 to 12 can be adverse. Be cautious then.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A confusing week. Opportunities possible, but probably disappointing or delayed. Nov. 6 excellent, so utilise fully. Nov. 7 very good (morning and evening), but Nov. 8 tricky, and 9 to 13 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Nov. 6 fair. Nov. 7 quite helpful. Nov. 8 (after 10 p.m.) fair. Nov. 13 very fair (except 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.). Rest of week very unreliable, so avoid important action.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A queer week for you. Nov. 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 bring upsets, worry. Nov. 13 (except forenoon) helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware indiscretions, changes, arguments, upsets of all kinds now. An adverse week possible, so routine work best. Nov. 6 and 8 to 12 adverse. Nov. 7 fair. Nov. 13 unpredictable, but powerful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Nov. 6 can be quite fortunate, so utilise it fully. Seek progress, gains. Nov. 7 to 11 quite poor, and 12 confusing. Routine best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"This one comes in two sections. You show your husband the part you have on."

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the land of Dementor, where there are some very cruel customs. The man responsible is
PRINCE PAULO: Who rules Dementor. He is so eccentric that his castle is built upside down. To ensure that no one else will have anything like it he has the architect coated with silver and erected as a statue at the entrance. In the castle Mandrake sees hanging from the ceiling a cage, and in it a young man,
DORMUS: Who is the Prince's prisoner. To make Dormus, who has a fine tenor voice, sing Prince Paulo presses a button, sending an electric shock through the cage.
NOW READ ON:

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20 delicious squares are here,

and this is how they disappear!

The first disappeared at Mother's behest,
She's certain, for kiddies,
that Nestlé's is best.

The second was taken by Dad, on the sly,
(He can't resist Nestlé's . . .
He won't even try!)

The third went to Mabel,
whose beau, Mr. Nish,
Is not quite as thoughtful
as Mabel would wish.

The fourth of these tongue-tempting,
taste-pleasing squares
Soothed little Willie,
who's fallen downstairs.

A W.R.A.N. had the fifth,
for nearly all W.R.A.N.S.,
Like the rest of the Forces,
are keen Nestlé's fans.

The sixth went to Granpa,
who answers a question,
"Yes, Nestlé's is good
for my health and digestion!"

Aunt Gertie it was who took Number Seven,
With a book and her Nestlé's,
she thinks she's in heaven!

The eighth was given to Maud's young man,
(If looks can't win him, Nestlé's can!)

Granpa returns — and full of glee,
Promptly eats another three!

Eleven now gone: nine more on show!
So the Reverend Vicar has a go!

"Square Thirteen!" cried Mrs. Buck,
So ate TWO squares for better luck.

Fifteen and sixteen gave delight
To Bill the Burglar, late at night!

Four squares left! so little Edie
Takes but one. She isn't greedy!

"Three more to go," cries Auntie Kate,
"If I wait now, I'll be too late!"

Maude took one and shouted out,
"I wish they'd left some MORE about!"

The lucky last! "No fear!" says Millie,
"Give you this bit?
Do you think I'm silly?"

NESTLÉ'S
Your Favourite Chocolate

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Living in the hell they made

Germans realise conquerors are not "good-natured amateurs"

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

An American G.I. who helped me with my bags on to Frankfurt station summed up the present position in occupied Germany.

"These people created a hell on earth, and now they are certainly living in it," he said, gazing back at the city.

LIKE people coming out of a dream, Germans in occupied zones are at last beginning to realise their conquerors are not the good-natured amateurs they had expected to bluff so easily.

Sombre-faced people walking along debris-bordered streets find they have to put up with a lot of things and do a lot of things they do not like.

They do not grumble. They know grumbling is useless.

But they do not hesitate to say that they do not like eating only potatoes and bread, so that stocks of other food they pillaged can be returned to the rightful owners.

They resent the fact that brilliant men, who have been the Nazis' slave laborers, are being chosen for good jobs.

They try in every way possible to avoid working in labor gangs composed of former prominent Nazi party members, who now clear bomb damage, repair sewage systems, and pave roads. They even send their wives and pretty daughters to say they are ill.

These people told me they did not expect the British and Americans to be so exacting, and they do not attempt to hide their humiliation and disappointment.

It is disappointment tinged with nagging fear now that they know machinery from 16 of their great wartime factories is being shipped as part of reparations for peacetime work in Allied countries.

Process of weeding out the last vestige of Hitler's influence is being worked out according to a ruthless schedule, and enforced by Allied Military Government officials.

They are men chosen for their jobs because of expert knowledge and experience. Many of them occupied peacetime positions of the same standing as those in which they now function.

For instance, the colonel heading the Allied Military Government in Frankfurt was, before he came overseas, the mayor of a progressive city in the United States.

"We can and are proving Germany can be run without Nazi brains," he told me.

"We have found, and appointed, 46 new department heads in the city government here.

"Though one-third of the former city employees were Nazis, the street car system is now working 60 per cent., the water and sewage systems are much as normal, taking into account war damage, and electricity and street lighting are normal, and this without any former Nazi in an executive position or in one of trust."

Even the most optimistic Allied official shrugs his shoulders when it comes to re-educating Nazis in the principles of democracy.

"The best we can do is to let anti-Nazi men organise a few political parties with democratic platforms and let them argue it out for themselves," I was told.

Re-education of German children has taken months of hard work, and will take months more.

Hitler was firmly established. His photo was not only in every infant's reader, but his ideas were cleverly planted among facts of history and geography.

As there were no pre-Hitler schoolbooks available, samples of German readers were imported from America and reprinted in Munich.

An enthusiastic but very thin young teacher just out of a concentration camp showed me one of the new first-grade readers. It contained simple old German fables with attractive old engravings.

New arithmetic books teach toddlers to calculate in terms of cabbages and hens instead of guns and soldiers.

Once again square rule is concerned with papering a room rather than with laying out airfields.

Books for older children are a problem not yet entirely solved.

One certainty is that once again they will be allowed to learn Schiller's poem, "William Tell," with its thrilling passages on personal liberty.

These have been forbidden since Hitler considered taking Switzerland under his protection, and found the Swiss patriots' sentiments embarrassing.

The difficulty of finding sufficient non-Nazi teachers is being overcome by considerable recruiting of intellectuals found behind barbed wire.

Men of learning who had any connection with the Nazi party whatsoever are barred from certain professorial chairs, particularly that of psychology.

Newspaper work is also closed to any follower of Hitler.

A Frankfurt daily, now looking like any other paper, had a strange lay-out for its first few editions. The staff had just come to work, and though all expert newspapermen not one had worked at journalism for 12 years.

They had all been deprived of their jobs as soon as the Nazi party came to power.

So, gradually, a non-Nazi Germany is emerging from the wreckage, but it is a Germany that will have to face hardships and misery such as no country has yet known.

Simple as ABC

AN example of how Nazi children learnt about their Fuhrer is this problem from a junior arithmetic book.

"If 1200 workmen were employed in a steel mill in 1933, and there are 4000 employed in the same mill now, what difference did the Fuhrer's New Order achieve?"

Answer: The New Order gave employment to 2800 more workmen.

HUMAN CHAIN formed by Berlin women to clear bricks from a blitzed site in the Bismarckstrasse, Berlin. Such working parties are a common sight in Germany's capital.

Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 7

THE prince took the wooden pipe box and the ivory diamond-and-chain box out of my hands, and he put them on a table. Then he took a little gold box out of his pocket and he put it between my hands. Then he turned them till the back of one was up and he kissed it, then he turned them over, and he kissed the back of the other one.

"Do not open this little box until you are at home," he says.

"All right," I says, "but won't you tell me what it is?"

"Only this," he says, "it will keep you and yours comfortable as long as you live. Promise not to open it."

"I promise," I says.

"I will not say good-bye," he says, "but may your god and my gods protect you always from harm."

So I took the little gold box and my other presents and I went out to the car, and there was Sir Gerald and Lady Burroughs and Aunt Mary waiting.

I took a last look back at the old prince's palace, and suddenly out of a window high up I saw an arm, and it was waving a little old black hat, and it was Mr. Bosco, and I waved and waved till the sight of that little hat was cut off by the big trees.

When we got to Calcutta, Aunt Mary bought me a karkai-colored suit and hat, and we had tea at the British place where the government was at, and suddenly Lady R. looked across the room at a young man and squealed.

And "Roddy," she says, "Roddy, come here at once and meet this sweet and amazing child." And over he came. He had on a uniform with wings on him and ribbons all smudged that needed cleaning.

"This is Captain Sir Rodney Carmichael, called Roddy, and as bad as they make 'em. Look at her, Roddy, you're to take her to Australia. Won't that be jolly? She's a Yankee."

"How perfectly ripping," says Roddy.

Roddy was nice, if a little silly, acting full of stuff all the time when he talked to a girl, till he got alone with one all by himself, and then he stopped all of his foolishness and was just as nice as anybody.

We all stayed the night at the Government place, and the next morning at the first streak of day we got to the plane.

It wasn't a little plane at all. It was a big army-plane, and had a crew all English and guns too and was taking a whole raft of stuff, including me, to Australia and another passenger too.

Just before we started, a soldier ran up and give something to Sir Gerald, and he gave it to Aunt Mary, and she opened the envelope and there was another one inside of that one, and "Hey," she says, "you're always getting letters just before you take off."

"Me?" I says, and I couldn't breathe hardly.

"You," she says, and handed me that envelope that had come halfway round the world from I could guess who.

So I don't remember the good-byes, or the take-off or anything much, but that we were in the air and I was sitting quiet before I opened my letter that was surely from Jeff.

And I knew all of a sudden that Jeff was what I wanted, that with Jeff everything would be different and here I was, at last, headed for home. So I opened Jeff's letter, and here it is, what I remember of it:

"For the love of Davy Crockett, where are you at?" That's how it started. "That Swift feller seems to know, so I am sending this to him. I could wring his neck for knowing and me not knowing, that is, I could if it wasn't he went to see your Pop when he was so sick and got him in the hospital in Mattoon, and ain't costing your Pop a dime. Being I am in this man's army, now, I can't go like I did before. Pop is on the mend. I will try to see him before I leave Wensday.

"I don't like to ask young Swift about you as he says things like, never was such a girl, and like that. I never thought I was jealous, except for once of a man in Texas that my pony Rowdy would walk right off from me to follow. But I guess I was wrong about myself, so you better get used to the idea.

"I will write a postscript on to this after I see Pop Wensday or maybe Tuesday, as I don't know which at this writing, so will stop now and say good-bye. But oh if I ever get you back again, I won't stop kissing you, but just keep on forever and ever.

"Your friend and well-wisher,

"Jefferson Davis Wade.

"P.S.—Wensday. I couldn't see Pop, but he's fine, and here's a letter he wrote and with it is one long kiss from

"Jeff.

"More P.S.—Did I say I got orders and they say I got to go away, where I don't know till to-morrow, if then, and couldn't say if I did or do. But wherever it is, I'll be loving you and missing you always. Hoping you are the same.

"Your friend and well-wisher,

"Jeff."

The letter from Pop smelled like his old corncob pipe, and I had to read it slow, because I was getting to be a crybaby, and I couldn't see half of the time.

"Dear Podner," it said, "Jeff was headed this way, but a strong military wind blew him off of his course. However, Ted Swift says he will give this to Jeff to send it with his, as he will see Jeff to-night.

"Ted Swift gave me the money again that you sent, but where you got so much I don't like to think, because surely I didn't bring you up to rob banks. I seen your pitchure in the papers and you looked pretty, and that lady with you looks all right for a chaperon.

"I am all right now, or soon will be, I hope; just took on a job was too stout for me, now I'm kind of getting along in years as you might say. Don't you worry about anything, as I am not worried about you. But if you ever get round to it you better take a good look at Jeff—or maybe you have.

"So long.

"Pop."

Well, those two letters give me enough to think about all the way to Australia and back, if I had of rode the whole journey on a lame kangaroo.

By now there was nothing to see but sky and water down below. And then for a long time just clouds and no sky and no ocean—just us.

We stopped at places and wherever we stopped was English, anyway there was lots of Tommies, and did they open their eyes when a regular big Army plane come down and landed, and then me stepping out of it. I was glad I was dressed anyway in the same color as them.

So they thought first it was a uniform, but soon found out it wasn't, so then they always thought I was what they called a Musical Gel, and they wanted me to sing or dance.

RODDY was a wonderful boy. He tended to everything, and everything went fine till one day after we had left Singapore we was flying in a fog and suddenly somebody yelled, and there was a roar right on us nearly, and something going pop, pop, pop, pop.

I looked and there was a flash of flame like a burning house falling through the sky and going to hit us.

Everything got all mixed up together then, and I don't remember anything till I was in the water just coming to myself and Roddy pulling me into that little rubber boat.

After what seemed like about a hundred days and nights, but wasn't really very long, a destroyer came and picked us up and took us to Australia. Like Pop says, I sure get bunged up easy, but I sure get better in a hurry, too, and by the time we got to Australia I was just as good as new.

When we was getting ready to come into port there, the commander of this destroyer give me a white English sailor suit, and I tucked my hair up inside one of the English Navy caps. And there I stood on the bridge, as they call it. And I guess from the shore even through opera glasses I looked like any other sunburned sailor.

Roddy and some of the officers took me ashore to some American Government place, and that night they all come there to a big dinner, and they brought newspapers about me and the rescue at sea of me and Roddy.

Of course, I didn't have any money and not even my passport, and just about nothing at all, only what I had saved out of a bag that I was diving into to save stuff just as we hit the water. Then I had my little green scarab that Mr. Bosco gave me, on the chain on my neck, and then I saved one of the boxes I got in India.

At the party was two American United States officers named Herb Purse and Jimmy Talbott, and they was the ones the American council said had been arranged to fly me back with the new passport he made out for me to use.

Please turn to page 19

"I flipped that one too high!"

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The Australian Women's Weekly Club sa

LAST NAME to be entered in the accommodation book at The Australian Women's Weekly Club is that of ACW Anne Aitkenhead, of Tasmania. Voluntary helper is Miss Erica Foskitt.

LIBRARIAN, Mrs. H. D. Keown, checks in last book, which is returned by English girl, Wren Joan Davies, of Southport. The library will be presented to the proposed Nurses' Memorial Club.

VOLUNTARY WORKER Mrs. D. Campbell serves lunch to servicegirls and escort in dining-room where 370,504 meals have been served in three years. Salads have been most popular dish on menu.

Servicewomen's home from home closes after three years on duty

By BETTY NESBIT

The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen is closing this week.

Established at a cost of £30,000 three years ago, the Club has been a home for thousands of servicegirls from every corner of Australia.

Since its establishment servicegirls have eaten, slept, had their hair waved, dressed for their weddings and set off on honeymoons, collected mail, written letters, washed and ironed their clothes, dined and danced with their sweethearts under its hospitable roof.

AS one servicegirl, ACW Joan Scanes, of Sydney, said: "I hope I'll be demobbed soon. I can't imagine being in the Services and not having the Club to visit.

"The Australian Women's Weekly Club has been as much part of our Service life as uniforms, barracks, and duties," she added.

"The success of the Club has been very largely due to the unselfish and capable help of the 517 voluntary workers," said the honorary organising secretary, Mrs. Olwen Francis.

"Our voluntary workers have done a magnificent job. For three years they have cheerfully washed up thousands of dishes, prepared meals, waited on the tables, worked in the office, and arranged dances and parties for the servicegirls and their boy-friends—and what is more, they have given up their week-ends to be on duty at the Club.

"Three-quarters of the women whose names are on the roster of voluntary workers have been working at the Club since it opened," she added.

Those who have worked at the Club for the whole three years have been presented with long-service badges.

The voluntary helpers all say they have enjoyed their work and the friendships they have made at the Club.

Many of them have "adopted" servicegirls.

One voluntary helper regularly takes members of the W.R.N.S. to her home so that they can use her machine to do their odd sewing.

Another has made her home available for twenty-first birthday parties.

A third receives letters from all over the world from New Zealand V.A.s, who have never forgotten her generous hospitality.

"The conduct of the servicegirls has been absolutely exemplary," Mrs. Francis says.

"They have expressed their deep appreciation of the Club by strictly adhering to its every rule.

"There has been only one slight trouble," she added with a smile.

"The girls have found the laundry and its drying cupboard very handy. Many of them have smuggled in washing for their boy-friends and laundered it on their days off," she explained.

At the last dance held at the club servicegirls waited on voluntary workers as a gesture of thanks.

The girls are as proud of the large reception-room as if it were in their own home, but it has begun to show signs of its three years' wear and tear.

The floral chintz on the handmade furniture is now faded, a hole has worn through in the arm of one chair, and the colored leather of the small chairs has lost its first freshness.

"It's rather like the furniture in a house that has grown up with a large family and become gracefully shabby as the years have gone by," said P/O. Wran "Bubbles" Riddett, of Sydney.

"We really all feel a deep affection for the lovely furnishings, which have become so familiar to us."

P/O. Riddett, who has visited the Club since the first week it was opened, has since married. She has made a sketch of one of the attractive corner couches and intends to have one made like it for her own flat

Mystery frock

ONE of the Club's most appreciated amenities is the cloakroom, which is always packed to the roof with kit, hats and coats, parcels, tennis racquets.

Voluntary workers on regular cloakroom duty still discuss the mystery of a new wedding frock.

A servicegirl left the wedding frock in the cloakroom. It was there for a year, but she never collected it.

All goods not claimed were eventually parcelled up and sent to the Salvation Army.

All books in the Club library will be sent to the Nurses' Memorial Club, for which an appeal is being held.

A popular service has been the beauty salon, where there has been a weekly average of 40 appointments for permanent waves.

Joint honorary presidents of the Club were Mrs. Frank Packer and Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly. Mr. W. Dowsett was chairman.

Miss K. M. Faircloth carried out the duties of honorary secretary, and honorary treasurer was Mr. Alan Morgan.

HONORARY SECRETARY for the Club, Miss K. M. Faircloth (right) talks with Misses Del Barber (centre) and Pat Speer at one of the series of luncheons given to farewell voluntary workers.

AT LUNCHEON. First-Officer M. Bray and Miss M. Milligen, who, with Mrs. J. McIntosh, arranged weddings at club.

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ys goodbye to its girls

EXECUTIVE MEMBERS of Voluntary Workers' Council bring their reports of three years' work to a close. (L. to R.) Mrs. Milly Dawson (hon. treasurer), Mrs. E. Backhouse (chairman), and Mrs. H. Linden Smith (hon. secretary).

FLORAL SETTING for Mrs. Gladys Lister, who has arranged the flowers at the Club three times a week since it opened. Most of the flowers have come from her own garden at Vaucluse. Servicegirls coming from the Spartan atmosphere of their barracks have always admired floral decorations.

SERVICEGIRLS LINE UP at snack-bar where voluntary helpers have served 566,544 orders since the Club was opened. The snack-bar was always a popular spot for cool drinks and ice-creams on dance nights.

VOLUNTARY HELPERS on duty in kitchen (from left): Misses R. and E. Luker and Mrs. G. D. Blanks. Five hundred and seventeen voluntary workers are on Club roll.

SERVICEGIRLS in one of the dormitories where 89,113 girls slept during three years—an average of 630 girls sleeping at the Club each week.

GOOD-BYE TO OUR GUESTS. This has been a familiar scene at the Club for three years—servicegirls coming and going with their luggage, going home on leave, or passing through to new postings, north or south. Mr. Reg. Bortzel, sergeant-major in the last war, is one of four liftmen who have become firm friends with thousands of servicegirls.

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★ LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS LANTIGEN "B" ★

LANTIGEN "C" FOR NEURITIS, SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO LANTIGEN "C"

LANTIGEN "B" FOR ASTHMA, SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS LANTIGEN "B"

IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Lantigen Dissolved Oral Vaccine Successfully Treats and Immunises Against Many Chronic Diseases

You know, of course, that the injection of vaccines has proved highly successful in the treatment of many chronic, germ-caused disorders. But do you realise that in the case of such complaints as catarrh, rheumatism and many septic conditions it is now no longer necessary to have the immunising vaccines injected by needle. Immunisation can be brought about by the use of *oral* vaccines—taken by mouth.

Well-known, now, to thousands of Australians is the Lantigen series of dissolved oral vaccines. Lantigen operates in two ways. It is absorbed into the open tissue such as the tongue, throat and other tissues. In addition, it is distributed throughout the system by means of the lymphatics and bloodstream.

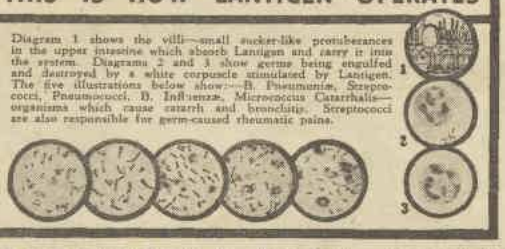
Lantigen is a DISSOLVED oral vaccine (a most important factor—*see details below**) and, when taken, immediately incites the creation of natural anti-bodies which destroy the toxic poisons produced by the infecting germs and renders the germs themselves ineffective. Relief from the conditions being treated is therefore rapid and the benefits last for lengthy periods.

*** Important: LANTIGEN is a DISSOLVED Oral Vaccine . . . What that means**

When a vaccine—which is a preparation of bacteria killed by heat or some chemical means—is introduced into the system, its antigens are released by the action of certain dissolving substances, known as hydrotropins, in the body itself. In the case of many diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, these hydrotropic substances are not present in sufficient quantities to bring about proper dissolution of the whole organisms, with the result that the vaccine may be rendered ineffective. In Lantigen, however, these organisms are already dissolved, and their effectiveness does not depend upon the action of the body's hydrotropins. That is why Lantigen starts to act immediately it is taken, and that is why you should be sure that the oral vaccine you take is a *dissolved* oral vaccine.

THIS IS HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

Diagram 1 shows the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestine which absorb Lantigen and carry it into the system. Diagrams 2 and 3 show germs being engulfed and destroyed by a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen. The five illustrations below show:—B. Pneumoniæ, Streptococci, Pneumococci, B. Influenzæ, Micrococcus Catarrhalis—organisms which cause catarrh and bronchitis. Streptococci are also responsible for germ-caused rheumatic pains.



GUARANTEED *NOT TO HARM* THE HEART DOES *NOT* INTERFERE WITH OTHER TREATMENTS

★

OBTAINABLE FROM *CHEMISTS* ONLY

For CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Catarrhal Colds ***Lantigen 'B'***

Catarrh is caused by germs. Lantigen "B" is prepared specially to counteract the effect of these particular organisms. You will gain prompt relief from the sneezing, coughing and choking, from the head noises, deafness and stuffed-up feeling which is caused by the catarrh germs. Lantigen "B" counteracts the poisons which cause these unpleasant conditions. No injections—no operations—no pain—no danger. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

For RHEUMATIC PAINS

Neuritis, Sciatica and Lumbago ***Lantigen 'C'***

The early effects of using Lantigen "C" are: (1) relief from pain, (2) reduction of swellings in the joints and limbs, (3) improvement in general health. You get these benefits because Lantigen "C" is prepared specially to counteract the effect of the organisms known as *streptococci* which are responsible for germ-caused rheumatic trouble. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "C" for the treatment of rheumatic pains.

LANTIGEN

Produced by fully qualified Bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.

★

£1/1/- per Bottle For Several Weeks' Treatment—Costs about 3d. per Day

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY

TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES
TAKEN BY MOUTH—ACTS IMMEDIATELY

Canadian Freed from Bronchitis

366a Balliol St., Toronto, Ont.

"I am now able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without wakening around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a Godsend to me to learn of Lantigen 'B'."

Mrs. May Braithwaite.

Grinding Pain of Rheumatism

"I have suffered a great deal from rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle boner seemed as if they were being ground to powder and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better."

H.K.

Sinus Infection Cleared

Eden.

"When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939 the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum."

J. A. Grieg.

Neuritis Pain Stopped

Rosedale.

"My arm was useless and my hand was heavy and swollen, and I could not dress myself in the mornings. At night I could not stay in bed for the awful twisting pains. I was bad for months. Then I decided to try Lantigen. I am pleased to say I am alright now and have been for two months."

E.A.

Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh

Glenlee Station, N.Z.

"I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles, I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

E. McKee.

★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS LANTIGEN "C" ★

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WORTH Reporting

THIS CHANGING WORLD

(The Western Union Telegraph Co., U.S., plans to replace telegraph wires with super-high-frequency radio systems.)

"FOLLOW the telegraph poles," they said
In the days when the bush was wide;
And the swagman glanced at them overhead,
Knew a link with the world outside.
Yet all things pass, and the poles must go,
To sigh for them were in vain;
But what will I count, I want to know,
From my seat in a speeding train?

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

A SCHOOLTEACHER whom we know has passed on to us what we consider a gem of literary criticism.

She gave a book about penguins to her class to read and criticise for their week-end homework task. On Monday morning the completed lessons were handed in.

One critic, a twelve-year-old girl, was brief, but to the point.

She wrote: "This book gives me more information about penguins than I care to have."

Probably got the bird

TALKING about penguins reminds us of the captain of a British cruiser on one of the long and dangerous Russian convoys during the worst days of the war.

He mustered his men just after sailing and said he would give a ten-pound note to the first man to spot a penguin.

During the whole trip a highly efficient lookout was kept from every part of the ship.

Every U-boat or other enemy craft that appeared was spotted instantly.

Not one of the crew got the ten-pound note, however.

There are no penguins in the Arctic regions.

Plenty of talk

DURING Cup Week lines run hot at Melbourne G.P.O., and about 40 extra telephonists are put on to cope with the heavy traffic.

At central exchange local calls jump by about 500, bringing daily average to 37,500.

Trunk line calls increase from 11,000 to 12,500 daily.

On the day of the Cup, at Flemington racecourse expert telegraphists flash the news on Morse circuits back to the chief telegraph office for transmission all over Australia.

* * * *

OUR London office reports that when Mrs. Maria Bridgenorth, of Sudbury, Suffolk, was interviewed on her 100th birthday, she was asked what was the secret of her long life.

"I haven't any secret," she said. "Only a grim determination."

Bridegrooms' ship

"BRIDEGROOMS' SHIP" — the Stratheden—reached port recently with 1200 R.A.A.F. boys returning to Australia after four to five years' service in the United Kingdom.

Among the 1200 were 400 husbands of English girls.

Spokesman for the 400 devoted hubbies, Corporal Michael McCormack, of Capella, Queensland, told us just what the English girl has that her Aussie sister hasn't.

"English girls put it all over the Aussies when it comes to housekeeping," he said.

"While Australian girls are baking in the sun in their leisure at week-ends, English girls are baking in the kitchen.

"Aussie girls are smarter dressers than English girls.

"They can balance wisps of nonsense on the head with devastating effect, but give 'em a budget and they'd probably just tilt that forward over the brow, too.

"Aussie girls are too independent and career-conscious to make good housewives."

"PEACE, it's wonderful," said Father Divine.

Except for Java, Indo-China, sundry other places, and the Argentine.

No more tiaras

EVEN though restriction on the use of platinum for resetting jewellery has just been lifted in London, not much resetting is being done, says a message from our London office.

Reason is that there exists a 100 per cent. purchase tax on all resetting.

Miss Elizabeth Austrer, stately ash-blonde manageress of Drayson's Bond Street jewellers, doesn't think there is much chance of the tax being lifted soon.

"Before the results of the elections were announced we thought the Conservatives would get in," she said. "We had high hopes of them lifting the tax, and then everyone could have had their tiaras reset after all."

Sniffy

BRISBANE rates a paragraph to itself in the Royal Navy magazine "Dittybox," which is published in London by the Admiralty.

It reads:

"In Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, are men who have one of the oddest jobs in the world. They sniff bottles. Many of the empty bottles that reach a brewery have contained oil of paraffin (kerosene), and all traces of smell must be got rid of before the bottle is filled with beer.

"In one Brisbane brewery as many as 4000 dozen empty bottles are received for filling every day, and the dexterity with which the specialists sniff their way through thousands of 'dead marines' is something to wonder at."

* * *

DURING electricity dispute in Sydney, coffee urns were giving trouble in a cafe. After a long delay, a waitress brought a cup of murky liquid, said brightly: "Just taste that and see if it's nasty, will you?"

Mission station figures

WHEN our correspondent, Freda Young, was recently in Alice Springs she talked to Pastor F. W. Albrecht, superintendent of the Hermannsburg Mission Station for Aborigines, about 80 miles west of Alice Springs.

He told her that 1000 bags of rationed sugar and 52 trucks of flour are used every year at the station.

A ton of fresh fruit is sent out every fortnight.

Annual wage-bill for the natives working on the station amounts to £1300. Their work includes, besides the usual cattle station duties, tanning wattle bark imported from South Australia, and making boots from tanned hides.

The boots have tops of kangaroo hide and soles of bullock hide, and they last for years.

The natives also do elaborate leather work and make kangaroo skin rugs.

Sixty-five native children attend their own school on the station.

The mission station was first opened in 1877, and Pastor Albrecht has been there since 1926.

Cow of a signal

BOYS of H.M.A.S. Warramunga are still telling this one about their popular Commander, "Nobby" Clarke.

In the days of the Pacific Task Forces, invasion and kamikazes (remember?), a U.S. destroyer was collecting quite a plastering from Jap planes.

Endeavoring to contact the U.S. Admiral of the Fleet, the captain of the destroyer was calling out over the T.B.S. (call system to ships):

"Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Where are you, Ferdinand?"

"Ferdinand" was the call sign for the Admiral's ship.

Unable to resist the frantic plea, "Nobby" Clarke, from the bridge of the 'Munga, picked up the speaker to send a deep, throaty "Moooooooo" echoing across the Pacific.

Animal Antics

"The guy had on one of those suits that wear like iron."

Indonesian hospital

ONE of the first Europeans to visit a civil Indonesian hospital near Batavia since the civil war began is The Australian Women's Weekly artist, Virgil.

"There are a number of Dutch patients in the hospital," he cabled us.

"The Indonesian doctor in charge of the hospital told me that the hospital staff was only interested in helping suffering humanity, no matter whether they were Dutch or Indonesian.

"One ward is called the Civil War Department, and here I saw about 20 patients, including children, who had been wounded by bullets and knives in street fights.

"Most of the doctors have been P.O.W.s in Jap prison camps.

"They say that the Japs have taken much of the hospital equipment, but gradually replacements are being effected.

"Greatest shortage is of X-Ray films."

Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 15

WE left Australia then, and flew to Hawaii. And after Hawaii there was San Francisco and California, too, and by that time I was all kind of tingling with being so near home.

We landed and got out, and a lot of soldiers was around and newspapermen, and photographers, and I had to pose for 'em.

Well, while I was posing, this way and that, somebody in the crowd says, "Hello, Snow White." And my heart stopped. And, "Well," it says, "tell us all about your trip," and it was Mr. Wens.

I could of died for joy, and I thought, he sure keeps up with what goes on around the world, to be there to meet me, for I hadn't never thought of that Aunt Mary could let him know. But Aunt Mary had, so he had.

He said Pop had been pretty sick. And Mr. Wens said Aunt Helga was the best cook he had ever et after, and that he knew Jeff had been shipped away but nobody didn't know where.

I told him a lot, and he listened and kept shaking his head, big-eyed and serious about some of the bad things, and chuckling about other things and calling me Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, and kid names like that, and we were going to fly to Chicago.

Then he says, "How about it, big shot, do you want me to manage your career for you?"

And "What career?" I says.

"Well," says Mr. Wens, "it's no use being modest. You can cash in on all this publicity, and get enough dough to do it all over again, de lux, when you feel like it."

"What would I have to do?" I says.

"Go in the movies, do a lecture tour, write a book, and sell your face to advertise sunburn lotion."

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says, "all I want is to see my pop and get a job that I'm fitted for and see a few other people that I don't know where they're at yet, and to never see my name or my picture in anything."

"You're wonderful," he says, "and there's one only of you in this world, and, by heaven, I hope you can fight 'em off and do it, and I'll do my best to help you. Now let's go," he says, and we did, and flew to Chicago.

When we was coming in to land I'm ashamed to say my old trouble come on me at the sight of Chicago coming up to meet me. I thought those butterflies had moulted into catipillars and that I had graduated from them that night at Mulloy's, but no, there they was still on the job. But they settled down as soon as my feet was on the ground.

It didn't seem like I could believe it. Here I was in Chicago, and maybe none of it happened to me at all. I could of been standing there yet wondering, but here come the reporters and photographers with their flash bulbs, and that brought me back to life.

So after a picture or two we got in a taxi, and then we went to the station for me to go to Mattoon.

And the more I thought of me getting home, the more the feeling of me going to see Pop got so big in my chest it nearly pushed out the ache that I wasn't going to see Jeff for I didn't know how long, if ever. Then the feeling about seeing Pop was pushed over to make room for that. All this I was thinking while I was sitting there in the parlor car, that I had never been in one before, and it seemed like we were never going to get there.

But finally we did, and Mr. Koltinsky took me home in his taxi. He had seen the papers and he wanted to know a lot, and I talked to him, with my mind shut.

And then we turned the corner and I was home.

I got out and paid Mr. Koltinsky and he said, "Glad to see you back," and wouldn't take any tip.

I hadn't let them know I was coming or anything, because I didn't know how sick Pop was; and I thought I better just walk in. I rang the bell. And then the door opened, and it was Aunt Helga. And then over her shoulder, in the hall there was Pop, and then we was all hugging each other in the dark hall, and my hat fell off, and Aunt Helga picked it up and went in the dining-room and shut the door. And Pop took me in the parlor, and we sat down and talked and talked.

"Can't you stay home even one night?"

After a while Aunt Helga came in, looking pretty and sweet, with a big tray of sandwiches and the big pot of tea, and Pop made me take off my shoes and he tucked the crochay quilt round me and sat and looked at me, while we all drank and ate, and I talked and talked and told 'em about everything I could think of.

Finally I got to the part about us getting shot down, and me saving nothing but the scarab round my neck and one little box.

They got so interested, and Pop said, "Well, I guess this is the time."

"For what?" I says.

"To open it," he says.

So I says, "All right," and I opened my bag, and there it was.

And just then, I heard something. And it was the sweetest sound ever made in this world.

It was the stomp of a big heavy old G.I. boot on the porch, with a big heavy old Texas foot inside of it, and I never got so many butterflies in all my life.

Don't ask me how I knew. I hadn't dared to even ask if they knew where Jeff was at. But there it was, and it shot me up off of that sofa and out into the hall like it did.

Jeff just stood there for a long time and he come in quiet and shut the door quiet. Then he says, soft and hoarse in his throat, "Oh, honey," he says. And still I couldn't move. And then he began to grin with big tears in his eyes, and "For Pete's sake," he yells, "what are we waiting for?" And, boy, I sure had forgotten how strong he was, and how big, and rough, and gentle and everything that I ever wanted in this world.

After about a year, we went in the parlor and sat down, and "Listen, podner," Pop says. "I still got this here little box, but I sure think it's you ought to open it."

"Go ahead, Pop," I says.

So Pop opened the box and his forehead wrinkled up. "Look," he says, so we did. And then after a while, "How's this going to make you comfortable the rest of your life?" he asks.

"That ain't the box that's supposed to do that," I says. "That box is at the bottom of the ocean, along with pearls and emeralds and diamonds. But this is the one I saved," I says, "and if it makes you comfortable for the rest of your life, that's all me and Jeff care about."

"But hadn't you better give it to Jeff?" Pop says. "Why, there never was such a pipe in the world."

"It ain't mine to give," I says. "It's yours. Look how you're printed on it, in gold. It was sent to you, special by the Rockefeller of Burma. And besides, I got something else for Jeff." And I took off the chain from round my neck with the little green jade scarab hanging on to it and I put it in Jeff's big hand.

"What's this?" he says, sitting there on the sofa and looking down at me.

"It brings good luck," I says, "and makes you have many children and grandchildren," I says. And the butterflies flew and flew, but I didn't feel sick at all.

(Copyright)

Our new serial

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "Rendezvous With Death," an exciting new mystery serial by Australian author Margot Neville.

Set in an exclusive, fashionable block of flats in a Sydney waterside suburb, it is the swift-moving story of the well-to-do tenants of the block's top floor as they are all caught up in a widening web of intrigue and murder.

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Ever heard Chocolate SNAP?

"It's got to be snappy. Every chocolate maker has got to admit that you can actually hear the BEST quality chocolate SNAP!"

Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a SNAP you can hear EVERY time. It's chocolate at its best. It's chocolate that isn't sweet. Actually we thought we were making a chocolate especially for men when we first introduced it, but the ladies took one taste of Small's Club Chocolate and — WHEW! Now we know they go for it in just as big a way as men do.

Club Chocolate — in the Famous Black and White Wrapper

Small's make great Chocolate

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NEVA CARR-GLYN, one of the stars of the new 2GB Session, "All Star Theatre."

Half-hour plays at lunchtime

A new session called "All Star Theatre" and consisting of half-hour plays is being broadcast from station 2GB at 1 p.m. every Monday.

"All Star Theatre" is planned to give lunch-hour relaxation to busy housewives.

THE plays include comedy, supernatural and psychological drama, and romance.

They are all by local writers, including Richard Lane, Reg Johnston, Barrett Fleming, Maxwell Dunn, E. Trafford Walker, and Elaine Garth, and are produced by E. Mason Wood, John Alden, Richard Parry, and John Tate.

Neva Carr-Glyn co-stars in some of the plays with her husband, John Tate. Like most other married couples in the profession, they like acting as a team, and have appeared in a number of shows.

Neva's acting experience goes back to the time when she was only 15, and was principal girl in a Sydney pantomime.

Another actress in the series, Lyndall Barbour, appeared recently in Clemence Dane's "Granite," when it was staged in Sydney by the Metropolitan Players.

Also acting in these plays is Babs Mayhew, who in private life is Mrs. Max Osbiston, only now returning to radio work after an absence of many months. She's been too busy looking after her 14-months-old baby Karen.

Max Osbiston is awaiting discharge from the R.A.A.F., and he and his wife are hoping they will be able to appear in shows together, as this is one of the ambitions temporarily knocked out by the war. Previously they have worked together and they love it.

Other artists in this session are Owen Ainley, Alfred Bristowe, Lloyd Berrell, George Randall, Lloyd Lamble, Ross Buchanan, Al Thomas, Colin McAlister, Brenda Dunrich, Shiela Sewell, Hilda Scurr, Bettie Dickson, Irene Harpur, Madge Thomas, Kitty Bluett, Queenie Ashton, and Lesley Pope.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8 (from (4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, Nov. 10: Goodie Reeve presents R a d i o competitions, "Melody Foursomes."

SUNDAY, Nov. 11 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Nov. 12: Goodie Reeve.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS

● *PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ROWENA"

Smart jerkin suit and blouse

F4014

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F4014.—Smart two-piece playsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4015. — A simply sweet cotton frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide, with 4yds. lace trim. Pattern, 1/7.

F4016. — The ideal frock for a luncheon date. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. wide, with ⅞yd. lace for yoke. Pattern, 1/7.

"ROWENA," ideal for casual wear, has been fashioned in a delightful panama linen of medium weight, and comes in shades of sunshine-lemon, dusty sky-blue, soft pink, nut-beige, and apple-green. The blouse to match is made in an excellent utility rayon crepe-de-chine in white only.

Design features a new shoulder-line, wide and extended, darted body, and long jacket. Skirt has double box-pleat, back and front and is finished with self-band at waist. Blouse has tailored turn-back collar, long, full sleeves with neat wristbands, good length for comfortable tuck-in and self-buttoned front.

Ready to wear: Jerkin and Skirt—32 and 34in. bust, 59/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 64/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

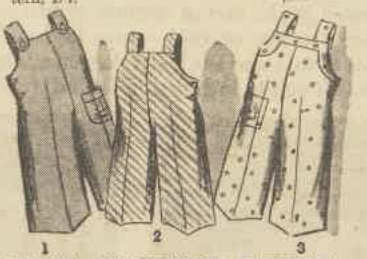
Ready to wear: Blouse—32 and 34in. bust, 21/6 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/3 (7 coupons). Postage, 10½d. extra.

Cut out only: Jerkin and Skirt—32 and 34in. bust, 41/6 (11 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 46/11 (11 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut out only: Blouse—32 and 34in. bust, 15/11 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 17/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 10½d. extra.

F4017.—A little beruffled frock for any hour of the day. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4018. — The perfect summer suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. wide, with ⅞yd. of contrast. Pattern, 1/7.



1 2 3

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

THREE CHILDREN'S OVERALLS

Sizes 1 to 6 years

All require 1½yds. 36in. wide.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 653.—Frock and hat for 2 to 8-year-olds

653

The pattern of this dear little outfit is traced clearly on an excellent wearing British cambric cotton in delightful shades of pale lemon, pastel-green, sweet-pink, and sky-blue, and is ready for you to cut out and make up.

The style is unusual with high, round neckline, buttoned front, and high-fitting skirt, softly flared and tying at back with self-belt. The sunhat has small crown and wide, shady brim edged with self-ruffle.

Size 2 to 4 years: frock, 7/11 (4 coupons); hat, 3/3 (2 coupons); size 4 to 6 years: frock, 8/11 (5 coupons); hat, 3/9 (2 coupons); size 6 to 8 years, 10/3 (5 coupons); hat, 4/6 (2 coupons). Postage, 8½d extra.

No. 654.—Unique sunsuit for child

This sweet little suit, suitable for boy or girl, is ready to cut out and make up in an excellent British cotton in shades of copper blue, sandalwood-beige, blue-mildy, and sea-green.

The main attract[illegible] is the motif traced on the front bodice, which should be worked in vivid shades to tone with the material. The suit has well-fitting straps, side-button opening, and straight, tailored trousers.

Size 1 to 2 years, 4/3 (2 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 4/11 (2 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 5/9 (2 coupons). Postage, 3½d extra.

654

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:—

Box 384A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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NAME .....

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Pattern Coupon, 10/11/'45.

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SHOULD WE EAT MEAT *in hot weather?*

YES—this young lady has the right idea! Contrary to popular opinions, protein foods (meats, cheese, eggs) are not necessarily heating. Moderate amounts of such foods should be included in the diet of normal children and adults every day of the year. Meat Loaf—served hot or cold—rates high as a summertime favourite. A little meat makes a lot of loaf and the loaf takes on added savour when, before baking, Heinz Tomato Sauce is liberally included in the mixture.

HOT CHEESETTES—Clip this recipe—try it soon.

Cut fresh bread into 1-inch cubes (don't use crusts). Beat an egg well with 1 tablespoon Heinz Tomato Sauce. Dip bread cubes into egg mixture. Roll in finely grated tasty cheese. Arrange on heat-proof dish. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) or set under broiler till cheese melts and browns. Serve hot as appetizer.

These savoury morsels are simply wonderful, too, with soups or a crisp green salad.

DELICIOUS SALADS—whether your favourite salad is a cool symphony of crisp fresh greens or a hearty blend of nippy cheese and left-over meats, you'll like it even better served with Heinz Mayonnaise Dressing. There's a little Heinz Mayonnaise about, so you may be fortunate enough to secure a jar.

Now that eggs are plentiful

Recipe

Parboil ¼ lb. liver. Chop fine. Brown in 3 tbs. bacon fat with 1 small onion, minced. Break 6 eggs into greased shallow baking dish. Cook 2 min. over low fire. On each egg pour a dash of Heinz "57-Sauce." Pour liver-onion mixture over eggs. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) till eggs are set but not hard.

You'll find this an enjoyable lunch-time dish and a very popular one when appetites are a little jaded and need reviving.

Housewives rely upon Heinz Tomato Sauce more than ever these days — its rich, red ripe tomato flavour makes even the best meat taste better.

In spite of tremendous demands, grocers have good stocks of appetite appealing Heinz "57" Beefsteak Sauce. Try it and enjoy a perfect blending of choice vegetables, fruits and spices.

JUST AS SOON

as the choicest . . . ingredients come back for civilian use

HEINZ model kitchens will prepare with the skill developed through 76 years, all those delicious

HEINZ

57 VARIETIES

you enjoyed before the war.

SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES

SOUPS . . . .
BAKED BEANS .
SPAGHETTI . .
MAYONNAISE .

H45/1

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Continuing . . . Artist's Muddle

from page 3

AFTER she had gone, Bruce started suffering from uneasiness. Her attitude had been strange, the attitude of a girl who could give the quick brush to a suitor. It was not improbable that the paper he had stowed so carefully in his wallet was inscribed with wrong numbers. His uneasiness wasn't allayed when he got back to town the next night and telephoned her. No one answered.

Monday evening he called her again. Expecting nothing he was promptly connected with the young artist.

"This is Bruce, your dream boy," he said. "The one who got you tea and toast. Remember?"

"How could I ever forget?" Marcia said. "What's doing, Bruce?"

"Well, by an odd coincidence I'm hungry again. Shall we dine?"

"I wish I could, but there is some important work I must do tonight."

"You jest," Bruce said. "Work can always wait. Let us go out and spend my money."

"I'm sorry," Marcia replied. "I just can't."

"How about to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night would be lovely."

The next night he took Marcia to dinner. She was lovely to look at, and full of gaiety. He took her out the next night. Then there was a one-night interim. Marcia said she had some more important work to do. Bruce laughed. The way he was doing, those other chaps would soon be out of the running.

Their third meeting brought both love and tragedy. They dined well at a fashionable restaurant. It was noisy and crowded, and they were wonderfully alone with about a hundred other people. Instead of dancing, Bruce sat at the table and told Marcia how wonderful she was.

Marcia grew pale and quiet. "Bruce," she said, "do you realise where this is leading?"

"Certainly," Bruce said. "Orange blossom and lace."

"I can't give you anything but a definite maybe," Marcia said.

They left the restaurant eventually, and she asked Bruce to stop at her flat for coffee. He went willingly, not having been farther than the lobby previously. The flat was a large, two-bedroom affair, and one bedroom had been converted into a studio for Marcia. She led him into the studio to wait while she got busy in the kitchen. Bruce sat down comfortably and rose almost at once.

"Marcia!" he yelled.

She came immediately, white but composed. He gazed round incredulously. The place was littered with pictures he refused to believe.

"I thought this would happen," Marcia said quietly. "That's why I wanted to get it over with."

"Is—is this what you do?"

Marcia nodded compassionately. "I do the illustrations for medical books. I've been working on a special commission for a year. That's why I couldn't go with you the other night. It's extremely important work, Bruce. I've had some rush jobs."

He walked over and examined several of the pictures at closer range. Then he returned to her, his face an unattractive shade of green. He balanced himself against a desk.

"Lovely," he said. "Beautiful coloring in that—that . . . never mind."

"I don't suppose you want anything to eat now."

Bruce smiled feebly. "I think I'll rest here for a moment, if you don't mind."

Bruce noticed a picture on the desk. He started violently. "What's that?" he said.

"The liver from a chronic alcoholic. You'll notice that——"

"Would you mind pointing to the nearest exit?" he said hastily.

He drew rein in the living-room and mopped his forehead. His loved one had followed him with a sober face. They stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"I'm sorry I had to ask you up to see my etchings," Marcia said, "but it was the only decent thing to do. I've had this trouble before. Unless they're doctors, they just can't take it."

"Listen," Bruce said. "I love you. I want you to be the head of our family. If Boris Karloff was your uncle, or if your hobby was saving old hand grenades, I wouldn't care a bit. But those rigor mortis cartoons are too much."

"I know how you feel, and I don't blame you. But those pictures happen to be my work. I suppose the solution is for me to marry a doctor."

"The solution is to marry me and start painting what-do-you-call-'ems—bunches of flowers and grapes and stuff."

"Still lifes?"

"Anything you want, darling. Live lifes, still lifes. I'll buy you a house to paint to begin with."

Marcia smiled sadly. "Suppose you were getting married, and in return you had to give up your flying factory, would you do it?"

"That's not the point."

"It is with me," Marcia said.

"Well, I suppose that does it," Bruce said bitterly. "No rose-covered cottage, no little ones running in to ask Papa how he ever figured out his income tax. A few odds and ends with Latin names have spoiled our chances."

Marcia stuck out her hand. "Let's part friends. I've enjoyed every minute with you."

"It's been a pleasure to do business with you," Bruce said. "I'll look forward to seeing your stuff every month in the medical journal."

Try as he would, Bruce could neither forget Marcia nor her pictures. He gave up girls and dancing and took to piling up more hours in the air. Often he meditated on whether it was possible to have Marcia and those illustrations, too. He wondered if a night-school course in embalming or preparation for a medical degree would help.

As a matter of curiosity, he borrowed a few medical books and looked at the pictures. They made him dizzy. The situation seemed hopeless. He resolved to work hard all his life, make an enormous amount of money, and leave his whole fortune to a college for witch doctors. He would be a man dedicated to revenge.

In the midst of this, Peter Camden arrived, browned by tropical suns, loaded down with sketches, and very pleased with life. He burst in upon Bruce one evening and was astounded by his brother's lacklustre eyes and air of patient resignation. As he started to tell his tales, Bruce raised a restraining hand.

"You are talking to a man," he said, "who has no future. Spare me your elaborate lies. I want to sit here and contemplate the ashes of my dreams."

"Hang-over?"

"I never drank much, but a girl I know cured me of drinking altogether. She also broke my heart."

"Suh," Peter said, 'the Camdens break hearts, but they do not have their own broken. What has this particular girl got the others haven't?"

"Pictures," Steve shuddered. "Very realistic pictures in lovely colors."

"You mean she's a rich collector and didn't feel you were a rare enough item?"

"No," Bruce said, "she draws 'em herself. Pictures for medical books. The kind where you reach over and tap the chap on the shoulder and say, 'Pardon me, but your duodenum is showing.'"

"Bless my heart," Peter said, and seemed impressed. "Why, nobody falls in love with girls like that. She probably has clumpy hair and wears thick glasses. You must set your sights a little higher, Bruce."

"She's a lovely girl, you dope."

"Nevertheless, it's ridiculous. No one comes home to a little woman who is doing a water-color of the articulation of the atlas with the epistropheus. I wouldn't object if she did landscapes, but——"

"Hey," Bruce said, "wait a minute! I've got an idea!"

Hastily he told the whole story. His eyes were bright again, and his face cheerful. He had plans. Peter was going over to call upon the Rosa Bonheur of the skeletons.

"Wonderful," Peter said. "So what do I tell our Marcia? That my brother is a good guy and she ought to break herself of peering into other people's thoraxes and——"

"No, no, you don't get it," Bruce told him. "She thinks you are the greatest painter in the world. Your word would be law with her. All you have to do is go over and tell her that those landscapes she does in her spare time are the greatest things you ever saw—that she's crazy if she doesn't give up the medical work and concentrate where her true talent lies. She'll accept your judgment. The rest is easy. She gives up those post-mortem posters and starts painting little lambsie divies. Bruce again appears on the scene. Romance. Organ music. Orange blossoms. Do I make myself clear?"

"Fairly," Peter said. "When do I go, and what do I do if you faint when you see her medical work?"

"You go right now," Bruce said. "It's not too late, and she'll probably be home. I don't go. I just sent you over because I remembered she admired you so much. You do the rest."

An hour passed—two hours. Bruce paced the floor and perspired a little. He thought wistfully of having a drink, but then he remembered that picture of Marcia's and gave up the idea. The minutes dragged on. He fervently hoped his brother hadn't been stunned by the array of art and been unable to open his mouth.

Finally Peter returned. His face was gloomy and his eyes were downcast. Bruce's heart parachuted to his feet. "Tell me," he said. "I can take it."

"Look," Peter said. "You've got to realise what it means to be an artist. You never have, I know, but now's the time. A man has to have integrity. He's got to be honest. If he isn't, he's nothing. And there is a bond between artists. They talk a different language, and they have to be frank with each other."

"Go on," Bruce said. "I've got all night."

"What could I do?" Peter said. "She's a brother craftsman. You can't lie to that kind of people no matter how much it hurts. Bruce, I told her the truth. Her landscapes are hopeless. But her medical is terrific. I can't have the wasting of a talent like that on my conscience."

"I see," Bruce said quietly, after a considerable silence.

Bruce sat quietly for fifteen minutes after Peter left, contemplating the future. There was no way out now. To say it was all over was a masterpiece of understatement. He could only wonder if attending a veterinary college would do any good.

The door-bell rang. He rose and opened the door. Marcia stood smiling at him.

"Oh, hello," Bruce said glumly, too low for surprise. "What's new at the morgue?"

"Your brother came to see me," Marcia said. "It was sweet of you to send him."

"So I hear."

Her face was serious. "He told me the truth about my work. He's a fine, sincere man."

"That he is," Bruce said.

"That was bad news about my landscapes, but I'm glad to know now. You know, I always hoped I could do something really fine in art. The rest of my work—even the medical part—was just preparation. I suppose I was kidding myself. It's all over."

"You can say that again," Bruce said.

"There's something you can say again for me."

"What?"

"That you want me to marry you," Marcia said. "There's no sense going on working with as little future as I have. After talking with Peter, you're my future now."

Having temporarily run out of words due to circumstances beyond his control, Bruce kissed Marcia with amazing speed. Then he led her inside.

"You may consider it a deal," he said, when he had recovered his breath. "Now, if you'll just step this way—into this bedroom. My brother Peter is in there. I want him to be the first to know, and I want to thank him before I hit him."

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What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write in this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Build modern towns in the far North

MANY of our boys stationed at Darwin have come south with glowing accounts of the climate, vegetation, and express their eagerness to settle there.

In common with a number of people I thought of that region as arid wasteland. With the exercise of imagination, modern towns could be built there.

Why cannot our town-planners show what they can do? Here is their chance.

£1 to P. Middlehurst, Prospect Hill Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

Women smokers

WHEN the present system of smokers' compartments was introduced it was chiefly to allow women to travel in a non-smokers' compartment.

With increased smoking among the feminine sex the necessity has arisen to provide accommodation for female smokers, who may not wish to travel with males.

5/- to C. A. Arnold, A.I.F.

Brighter future

AS a North Queenslander I do not agree with C. J. Humphrey's idea (6/10/'45) of a new State in Queensland.

The population of the North is not large and is already highly taxed. We would find it hard to pay more politicians and another Governor.

When the uniform rail gauge is completed, harbor facilities improved, and air travel increases, our outlook will become less isolated.

5/- to G. H. Smith, Hales Siding, via Herberton, Nth. Qld.

Men's clothes

POSTWAR clothing is a problem, confronting many servicemen.

Shorts have been a regular summer dress since joining the forces for many of us. Will public opinion allow us to continue this healthy practice in civilian life, or will we be forced to revert to the uncomfortable suits of prewar years?

Servicemen would like to have the women's viewpoint on this subject.

5/- to LAC Sawyer, New Guinea.

Status raised

IN reply to Mrs. G. E. Wells' letter (29/9/'45) on domestic problems. Altering the name of servant to home assistant, or any other fanciful title, will not be an inducement to the average girl or woman. Neither will a diploma.

The problem lies in the hands of the employers. When they agree to a set number of working hours, a fair wage, and the same status as a shop girl or office worker, then will domestic workers be satisfied.

5/- to Miss M. Mabette, Campaspe West, Echuca, Vic.

Abolish zoning

ZONING was a wartime necessity that is no longer needed. The right to choose for themselves the tradesmen they will deal from should be given back to the housewives as soon as possible.

5/- to Mrs. E. Harkin, 6 Spring St., Abbotsford Point, N.S.W.

Furniture problem

FURNITURE should be made to facilitate cleaning. Having started a home with modern furniture, I find no broom will go under the slightly raised furniture. My bed is exactly nine inches from the

ground, and there is no way of sweeping or cleaning under except by moving it, which is ruining the linoleum.

5/- to Mrs. D. Weiss, Matheson, via Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Postage too high

MANY of us would be pleased to assist the appeal to alleviate the food shortage in England if the postage could be reduced.

The excessive postage rate is rather disheartening. A parcel weighing 5lb. and containing foodstuffs costs 3/9, with an additional 3/7 for postage.

5/- to Miss M. Wallis, "Locksley," St. George's Cres., Faulconbridge, N.S.W.

Sacrifice in marriage

AT a lecture a psychologist stated that a man makes a greater sacrifice in marriage than a woman.

This is a personal matter. With some couples it is obvious that the man is self-sacrificing, with others it is obvious that the woman gives up most. Only unhappy couples start worrying about sacrifices; if the marriage is a success the question never arises.

5/- to L. M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Child endowment

CHILD endowment should be given to the first child because it is the most expensive to keep.

Outgrown clothing can be handed down to the next child.

5/- to H. Cooke, 86 Whittaker St., Old Guildford, N.S.W.

Scheme for P.O.W.s

I HAVE been listening to comments about how returned P.O.W.s will settle down to ordinary work.

These men, who have suffered both mentally and physically more than other servicemen, should not be expected to worry about getting a living. The Government should supply them with a suitable house and an adequate pension to enable them to be free to do as they choose until they find their level again.

5/- to Mrs. M. Reid, 1 Abbotsbury Place, Evandale, S.A.

Chain letters

CAN'T something be done to stop chain letters?

This futile racket has sprung up afresh lately. It is beyond my comprehension that anybody could be so credulous and place such great faith in such superstitious rubbish. The fact that Gracie Fields' name has been unwarrantedly dragged into the current chain letter probably accounts for the revival of this petty racket.

5/- to Miss L. Mountfort, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ NORTHERN PURSUIT

WARNERS have selected a picturesque setting of snow-covered Canada for their lusty, wartime adventure of the Royal Mounted Police.

Errol Flynn is suitably dashing as the gallant mountie who pits his cunning and his courage against Nazi flier Helmut Dantine, who has landed in the Hudson Bay area to do sabotage work in Canada.

The tale follows the routine pattern of spy dramas, when Flynn professes Nazi sympathies in an effort to learn the German plans.

Julie Bishop brings charm to the role of Errol's faithful girl-friend, and John Ridgely does well as the assistant mountie.—Tatler; showing.

★★ THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER

HOLLYWOOD'S version of the dual personality man comes to light from RKO as a better than average thriller. John Loder stars as the actor who becomes a murderer as the result of head injuries suffered in a London air raid.

Loder handles the part successfully and manages to retain the audience's sympathy in spite of his horrifying habit of strangling people indiscriminately. Another good job is done by June Duprez as a Waaf who just escapes the murderous hands of the strangler. The good atmospheric tension is helped by a fine musical background and tidy direction.—Empire; showing.

★ STRANGE CONFESSION

THE idea of carrying a dismembered human head round in a bag is hardly conducive to bright entertainment, and Universal's latest thriller, starring Lon Chaney, starts off on this macabre note. It continues then with the story of Chaney as scientist, Jeff Carter, who becomes an insane head-chopper following the death of his own little son in an influenza epidemic.

The sale of Carter's only half-perfected formula for curing influenza by profit-mad businessman Graham (J. Carroll Naish) results in many deaths, and the revenge exacted by Carter.

Chaney provides plenty of spine-chilling moments as Carter, and Brenda Joyce is well cast as his wife.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

★ ONE AGAINST SEVEN

THE dreary wartime background of Columbia's drama starring Paul Muni makes the film heavy going, in spite of the star and the excellent performance of Marguerite Chapman in the feminine lead.

The subject is that of psychological and battlefield warfare between Russians and Nazis, and most of the scenes take place in an underground cellar of a factory on the eastern front.

Muni is the Russian guerrilla who holds up seven Nazis with the aid of his co-guerrilla, Marguerite Chapman, and he tackles the role in direct manner. Miss Chapman is most convincing and is obviously star material. Harro Meller makes a realistic Nazi officer.—Lyceum; showing.

★ LOST IN A HAREM

FOR Abbott and Costello fans, this MGM release will provide only fair entertainment, as the plot is threadbare and the gags corny. The plot makes fun of the evergreen desert musical romance, and there is some bright music from Jimmy Dorsey and his band.

The two stars are in typical knock-about mood and wander round a mythical Eastern land as a couple of magicians.

Blonde Marilyn Maxwell and John Conte provide the romance and Douglas Dumbrille is a suave villain.

Ballet lovers will be startled to find an elaborate ballet scene set to the lovely Scheherazade music of Rimsky / Korsakov. — Capitol; showing.

TOM DRAKE, young MGM player, who now is making his fifth film, "Hold High the Torch," co-starring with Elizabeth Taylor and Lassie.

"Too often a frump," says famous star

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

ETHEL BARRYMORE feels she is fated to play frumpish characters in films. In her last film, "None But the Lonely Heart," Ethel played the battered ageing, Cockney mother of Cary Grant. Her chief clothes were a musty shawl, skirt, and a decaying hat.

She is now playing an invalid in RKO's "Some Must Watch." She plays the entire role grimly attired in an aged nightgown and faded blue dressing-gown. Ethel, being feminine, thinks wistfully of the days when she made her first movie. She was the Czarina in the film, "Rasputin," in which she wore gorgeous court robes and crown jewels.

★ ★ ★

STARLET Virginia Mayo revealed that her greatest dream has come true, at least on paper. Vivacious blonde Goldwyn girl said: "When struggling for a foothold on the stage I did not have money for beauty parlor treatments, so I washed and set my own hair, and did my nails myself. I vowed one day I would own a beauty parlor. In my new house I have a basement which I am fitting up like a beauty shop, with a shampoo tray and all equipment similar to a real salon."

★ ★ ★

THE neatest trick of the week was Anne Baxter bandaging her injured hand in a black satin sling covered with sequins.

★ ★ ★

RED-HEADED Van Johnson sat through three performances of Joan Crawford's new film, "Mildred Pierce." After the third performance Van said, "I have been a Joan Crawford fan for seven years, ever since joining a Joan Crawford fan club." Van still pays the club dues yearly, like any other fan.

★ ★ ★

GINGER ROGERS, who yearned for ice-cream sodas when climbing up the ladder of success, realised her girlhood dream when she installed her own soda fountain in her home. Girls like Jinx Falkenberg and Gene Tierney, who loved unobtainable pretty clothes, now design their own. Jinx has her own studio and shop in her backyard, and Gene is aiding her designer-husband, Oleg Cassini.

THE most fantastic sight on the set of Danny Kaye's next starring film, "Kid From Brooklyn," was eight glamorised cows making their movie debut with the famous Goldwyn Girls dressed as milkmaids. But the audience won't notice the girls, because the cows take the spotlight. In stalls lined with silk upholstery the bovines sport make-up, false eyelashes, John Frederic hats, and pearl earrings. This sequence is for the song number titled "Sunflower Milk," which the Goldwyn Girls sing as the technicolor cameras record the fantastic picture.

The make-up man assured me he is most proud of the cows' eyelashes, which are fashioned from a heavy black beard once worn by the late Douglas Fairbanks.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER actor to be released from the Army is Jon Hall, who said that with the exception of the first few weeks of training he spent the entire time in hospital with gall-bladder trouble. Now that he is a civilian again he will continue with the treatment, and does not expect to make a film for some time. "But it's great to be home," said Jon.

★ ★ ★

FORMER dress-designer Lieut. Oleg Cassini is due for an Army discharge. Cassini, who is married to actress Gene Tierney, is medically unfit, due to a recurrent eye trouble.

★ ★ ★

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is aiding a bond drive in Denver.

★ ★ ★

FILMING has started on Bob Hope's new picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire," at Paramount. The first day found Bob in tight satin breeches having his hair tied in knots by a zealous hairdresser. While Bob said "Ouch!" the hairdresser explained the knots were for a better anchorage of Bob's beautiful, snowy, curly wig.

SYDNEY'S ONLY MALE RADIO OCTETTE

Old favourites . . . haunting melodies . . . tradition-steeped ballads . . . yours to enjoy through male voices richly blended in sweet harmony.

2GB

Sunday at 7.10 P.M.

Dark Market

Continued from page 5

THE boat rocked gently with the swell of the water. The sun flashed and reflected across the bay as it slowly set for the evening. I was worried—very worried.

"It's six o'clock now, and no barge. I can't understand it. They must have forgotten about us. We've waited an hour already."

"These native boys are getting impatient, too. They want to go back. Hungry, they reckon."

Charlie sighed. "Don't tell me we look like spending the night in that joint."

Rowley grabbed my arm. "Look! There's a barge now. Over there in the distance. Quick, let's do something."

Over to the left a barge could be faintly descried in the fading light. Charlie snatched at a white piece of sail and hurriedly tied it to a paddle. We hoisted it high in the air, and waved frantically with beckoning shouts.

The barge changed course and nosed its way toward us, then quickly turned and raced away again.

By nightfall we were again in the village. The air was steamy and filled with the ceaseless hum of mosquitoes and crickets. Other insects croaked and crawled at our feet. Sleep was a problem, but was finally overcome by our aching tiredness.

It was after midnight when Rowley woke me with a sudden start. He seemed excited. "Listen! Hear that? There's someone moving over there. Behind us, too. Wake Charlie."

But Charlie was already on his feet. "They're all round us, whoever they are. If the war wasn't over I'd say they were Japs."

Rifle bolts clicked from the darkness. A muttered oath came from beside us. "Come out of there! Come out!" The voice was sharp and commanding. It smashed the tight silence.

"Sounds like Australians," I whispered.

"Let's find out, anyhow," said Rowley. "We have to say something. I don't want a feed of lead for supper." He cupped his hand to his mouth and shouted, "Take it easy out there. We're not Japs."

A Bren gun prodded my back. A torch stabbed a beam of light at our faces.

"Well—er—— How do you do?" I was expecting anything.

An Australian sergeant stood before us with a menacing Owen gun. His eyes widened in surprise.

"I'll be . . ." He turned to his men, who had appeared from the undergrowth round us. "They're some of our blokes. Not Japs at all."

A conclusion hit Charlie with a jump. "Are we glad to see you fellows. Have you got a boat? Any sort of a tub will do, as long as it gets us out of this place."

"I'm wearing one of these new strapless tops—I think."

A soldier pulled at Charlie's loincloth. "Where have you been? A fancy-dress ball or something?"

There was a general laugh from the others as more lights flashed on our strange turnout.

"Don't say anything," Rowley whispered. "They will probably think we're mad."

"Yeah! A fancy-dress ball," I said. "We came as mugs. What are you jokers doing here, anyhow? Queer time to be out patrolling, isn't it?"

The sergeant led us down to the river, where a patrol boat lay moored in the darkness. "We must have received a false alarm," he explained. "A Yank barge came back this afternoon and reported some Japs in this area. Sighted them in boats and canoes, waving a white flag. Supposed to be trying to surrender. They sent us out to pick them up."

He went on: "I think they must have been seeing things. No Japs here. You fellows seen any?"

"Why, that was——" Charlie grunted as I kicked his shin.

"Why, no." Rowley's voice was shaky. "There's no Nips here. That's strange, isn't it?"

The sergeant was puzzled. "Strange all right. I suppose we had better get moving, anyhow."

The patrol boat pulled out with a roar of motors. Charlie groped his way beside me. "Thanks for that kick in the shin. I should have known better. As one trader to another, we get on quite well, don't we?"

"Let me at him," said Rowley. "I'll choke him!"

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Movie World

• Starring in Warners' production, "Janie Gets Married," a sequel to "Janie," pretty Joan Leslie (right) chats on the set to promising young players Ann Gillis, Dick Erdman, and Ruth Tobey. Joan replaced Joyce Reynolds in the Janie series when Miss Reynolds retired from the screen after her marriage.

• Glamorous Lauren Bacall, wife of Humphrey Bogart, relaxes on the Warners set for a chat to Charles Boyer, who is appearing with her in her third picture, "Confidential Agent," a spy story, in which Lauren plays the role of a titled Englishwoman.

• Witty sophisticated Eve Arden (above), one of the most popular comediennes in Hollywood, arrives at Warners' to start a scene from her latest film, "My Reputation," in which Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent co-star.

• Friendly discussion for two when Jane Wyman and Cary Grant meet on the set at Warners. They are co-starring in "Night and Day," a story based on the life of American composer Cole Porter.

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The Fighting Guardsman

1 **FRENCH ARISTOCRAT** (Willard Parker), disguised as peasant Roland, holds up coach of King Louis XVI (Lloyd Corrigan) and confiscates gold which belongs to peasants.

2 **IN LOVE** with beautiful Countess Amelie (Anita Louise), Roland finds he has a rival in English banker Sir John (John Loder), through whom Louis hopes to raise a loan.

3 **A DUEL** results when Roland meets Amelie's brother Gaston (George Macready), who is an aide-de-camp to Louis Roland, avoids injuring Gaston because he is Amelie's brother.

4 **TO FURTHER** the goodwill of banker Sir John, Louis orders Amelie to marry him immediately instead of Roland, whom he knows only as an aristocrat.

5 **THE KING'S MISTRESS**, Christine (Janis Carter), makes Louis jealous by her attention to Sir John, and Louis also finds where Roland is hiding.

Romantic drama of 18th century

BASED on Alexandre Dumas' novel, "The Companions of Jehu," Warners' romantic drama, with its swordplay and swashbuckling action, is reminiscent of films made by the late Douglas Fairbanks, senior. The story is set in eighteenth-century France, and depicts the life of a young nobleman who becomes an outlaw in an attempt to bring freedom to the people of France who had suffered under the tyranny of Louis XVI. Handsome, tall, Dutch actor Willard Parker was chosen for the role of the aristocratic bandit.

6 **AFTER BATTLE**, the King's forces are defeated by peasants. Roland and Amelie escape through help of Sir John.

* * * * * * * * * * *

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SOFT TOPS *for* INDOORS

• Yellow-dotted sheer rayon for a soft, frilly, wide-necked blouse. Lovely to wear at night with short or long skirts. (Below.)

• Peplum top of white muslin embroidered and outlined round the scalloped cap sleeves and peplum frill with matching red velvet over a long black skirt — designed for dinner. (Above.)

• Right off the shoulder, a lovely blouse-top in white embossed sheer—with the new very low, wide neckline and full puffed sleeves low on the shoulder. (Above.)

• A shirt-looking blouse in white, with the new wing sleeves outlined with self frills, tied down the front with bows. Gay red skirt repeats the frilled outline idea. (Top centre.)

• For more dress-up wear try this off-the-shoulder sweater-bodice in plain dull-black and wear it over a brilliantly printed skirt—the top beloved by Lauren Bacall. (Left.)

• To wear with a long skirt or a short velvet one, a very brief, very flattering, little off-the-shoulder top of acid-green taffeta—caught on either side of the bodice with self bows. (Above.)

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THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

THE ONE SOAP ESPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

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From the desert . . .

● In the course of a six weeks' tour, during which I saw gardens in four States, I was especially impressed by the wonderful gardens of Broken Hill. Practically anything from poppies to pineapples will grow there if the soil is well manured, cultivated, and watered.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

CINERARIAS *add color and magnificence to the garden of Mr. Keast, manager of the Zinc Corporation mine at Broken Hill. Giant sweet-peas at left.*

BEAUTIFUL ANTHEMIS (pale yellow to deep gold) rubs elbows with roses in another section of this beautiful garden.

MOST people living along the fertile coastal fringes of the Commonwealth imagine that Broken Hill is a shabby, hot, dry, windswept, sand-storm-tortured mining town about 600 miles inland.

For years I had shared that view, until recently, when I toured far western N.S.W., travelled on to Western Australia, back to South Australia, and then on to Victoria, inspecting the gardens made by other folk.

The gardens of Broken Hill were a revelation to me. Instead of mullock heaps and drifting sand, I found the country round the vast Zinc Corporation mine a picture.

With the waste water and septic tank effluent from the mines and city, this once sterile, drifting red sand has been made fertile and fruitful.

There are 1600 fruit trees in the Morris Memorial Park, including citrus, cherries, almonds, olives, peaches, nectarines, grapes, sultanas, raisins, apples, quinces, pears, mulberries, loquats, walnuts, and pecans.

The oranges and grapefruit are the largest I've seen anywhere, and the trees healthy and free from scale pests.

The vegetable plots were full of produce that would have shamed many a gardener in the more fertile and better rainfall areas of the State. I saw enormous cauliflowers, plump, crisp lettuces, fat cabbages, white, crunchy, well-blanched celery, and last season's stored pumpkins, squashes, and grammas were all of good size and excellent quality.

Mr. J. Scougall, the plantation superintendent, assured me that there was practically nothing that they had tried that would not grow successfully.

In the flower gardens round the beautiful home of the mine manager, Mr. A. J. Keast, there were vigorous rose bushes, the biggest Brompton stocks I have ever seen, massed beds of pansies and violas, leptosynes, carnations, sweet-peas, and ranunculi.

Poppies and wallflowers flourished in every garden.

Under tea-tree bush-houses polyanthus, primroses, cinerarias, cyclamens, and many ferns grew well, while orchids of many kinds flourished under glass.

Lupins, calendulas, snapdragons, diosmas, gladioli, nemesias, nemophilas, mimulus, linarias, erigerons, and dimorphothecas were out in bloom in most gardens.

Over well-arranged rockeries the glorious red-and-black Sturt's desert pea flourished, and several fine collections of choice succulents and cacti have become established.

Roses produce thick, waxy, substantial petals, and bloom as well there as anywhere. Their beauty and the restful greenness of the splendidly kept lawns were two of the memorable features of my trip to "The Hill."

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HEENZO COUGH MIXTURE is popular with all members of the family because it gives the quickest possible relief from coughs, colds, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza—Because it is safe and nice to take therefore equally good for adults and children of all ages, and because it saves families so much money on their cough remedy bills.

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Miss Precious Minutes says:

NEVER iron your stockings. This may destroy the delicate threads, and it also gives them that unpleasant gloss.

* * *

SAVE time and energy. Soak mixing bowls in cold water after use. Hot water hardens floury mixtures.

* * *

DON'T trust to the "spit-and-see" method when ironing—it can lead to trouble. It's best to test the iron on a piece of thin paper or a scrap of similar material.

* * *

WORD about lighting: Dust and grease soon gather on shiny surfaces and block out the light—especially in the kitchen. About once a month dip bulbs in warm, soapy water, then rinse, and polish with soft duster.

* * *

KEEP your lingerie drawers fresh and sweet by lining them with blotting paper scented with toilet water. Blotting paper absorbs the perfume.

* * *

TO make your glassware look its very best, add a little blue to the water when washing it. Then polish with a soft cloth.

ALWAYS mend before washing to save clothes and linen. A small hole can quite easily become a big one, and a minute spent in firming buttons may save the replacement of a whole set.

By Appointment
Cerebos
Salt of quality
Keep asking for Cerebos
Plain or Iodised

For Christmas giving

● Easily made utility apron, charming collar and jabot edged with hand-made lace in crochet, and dainty purse-like hussif for any girl.

LITTLE gifts made by your own capable hands are always appreciated.

There's a special appeal about them.

The three items illustrated on this page will make really worth-while gifts, yet cost you but a few pence to make.

ALL YOU need is some hessian and colored braid to make this apron, as you will see from the instructions given below.

SMARTEN up a dark dress with a charming jabot cut from scraps and edged with crochet, or make one or two for Christmas giving.

How to make jabot and collar

MATERIALS: One ball of Alexander's knitting cotton (No. 6, three threads); 1 steel crochet-hook No. 1; odd lengths of linen and sylko to match, also 2 small press-studs.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; rep., repeat; sl.-st., slip-stitch; patt., pattern; beg., beginning; in., inches.

COLLAR

Make 122 ch.

1st Row: Work 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 tr., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c. all into 2nd ch. from hook, * miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 tr., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c. (1 group into next ch.). Rep. from * until there are 31 groups in all. Turn with 1 ch.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into top of tr. of first group, then 1 group into d.c. between groups.

Rep. from * to end. Continue working d.c. into top of tr. and groups between groups until 4 rows in all have been worked, then work 2 rows of sl.-st. along the foundation ch. to curve in to form a round collar.

JABOT

Make 130 ch. and work like collar, but with 33 groups instead of 31 groups. Work the 2 rows of sl.-st., but do not work these tightly, keeping the edge straight.

MAKING-UP

First cut out the collar with the aid of an old Peter Pan collar and make a hem on the wrong side all round, the width when finished to be 1in. Place the crochet all round the outside edge, making it meet the lower edge at the ends, then sew neatly down. Cut a straight strip of linen 10in. long and 2in. wide, and make a hem all round.

Next mount the crochet over the linen on the right side, rounding it off at the lower edge. Press on the wrong side, then sew collar to left side of jabot to meet in centre front, and fasten with a press-stud on other side.

If you wish to increase length of jabot add 8 ch. for every 2 groups. The same applies to the collar.

Colorful apron for the bachelor girl

THE apron can be made any size. One yard of colorful hessian will make two; two can be made from a sugar bag (which has been dyed in any desired color). You'll also need tape for binding, 2yds. plain colored braid or webbing, and gay embroidery cotton.

Cut off two corners of the material each large enough to form a small pocket. Edge the cut sides with tape to make a firm hem, and finish the top of each with a strip of the braid to make the pocket deeper.

Embroider a few simple daisies in bright colors on the centre of the waistband and binding of the pockets. Sew pockets into position and buttonhole-stitch all along the side edges of the pockets. Sew on tapes for tying the apron on.

Smart little hussif

YOU need two pieces of material 7in. square (one for the outside and one for the inside) and a circle, 5in. across, of the inside fabric, also some scraps for the straps.

First cut out the octagon shape of the diagram (see below) twice in stiff brown paper and a circle of paper 4½in. across. Now cut the octagon shape in the outside and the lining materials, allowing turnings all round.

YOU can make this useful hussif from any scraps of material from your piece-bag, and you will find your friends clamoring for one, too. It looks like a pretty little purse when closed up, and opens to reveal all the necessities for making-do and mending.

Cut two pieces for the strap as small diagram and a strip for slot 2½in. by 1½in.

Lay paper circle to wrong side of fabric circle, turn edges of material over on to paper and paste down. Similarly place a paper octagon in centre of corresponding lining shape and paste edges over on to wrong side.

Now place circle centrally on right side of lining, and stitch together diagonally.

Stitch strap for thimble to centre of circle.

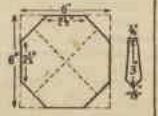
Turn in edges of fastening strap and stitch all round. Fold slot strip in half lengthwise, turn in edges and stitch all round. Stitch ends of slot ½in. down from one side of outside octagon.

Place this over its corresponding paper shape.

Stitch octagons together all round, inserting the narrow end of fastening strap exactly opposite the slot.

You can utilise parts of outdated taffeta, lama or velvet evening dresses to make these smart little hussifs. Line each with a contrasting fabric for extra charm.

RIGHT: Cut the paper shapes from big diagram, dotted lines show stitching. Cut strap twice in fabric.



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THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY FOR Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling

Bidomak

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FOR A FINGER luncheon or supper: Fresh bread rolls or feather-light scones, scooped, filled with savory mixture, and served with salad snippets . . . Filling shown above is of beans in tomato puree.

By
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Make it easy!

● Give yourself a break in summer weather. The family must be fed, but make it easy. Try it this way.

MAKE the most of ready-to-cook or ready-to-serve packaged foods. Fortify them with simple salads and summer fruits.

Packaged jellies can be easily prepared and served in dozens of enticing ways.

Keep a supply of tomato juice or tomato puree always on hand. As an iced dinner-appetiser, or easily prepared hot soup for a summer salad menu, it gets a dinner off on a good social start.

Make fruit syrups, strong coffee, and chocolate as basis for easily flipped-up drinks.

Make up little short-pastry cases; allow to become quite cold, and pack away carefully in an airtight tin. Use as a basis for savory mixtures, fruit or cream sweets.

Meringues are another standby for summer sweets. They keep fresh for weeks in an airtight tin.

Make salad-dressing ahead, and store in refrigerator. It can be easily varied by addition of chopped parsley, or pickles, or chopped egg.

Simple sauces can dress ice-cream, cake squares, or sliced, fresh fruit into sophisticated fare. Try melted block chocolate, honey and orange rind, marmalade or black currant jam.

Break the family tradition of always serving two or three hot vegetables with the main meat dish. Serve the meat with hot tomatoes or carrot strips only; follow with potato salad, prepared in morning, in lettuce, or with greens and cheese.

Use gaily colored, easily laundered table-mats for meal service. Make table setting as simple as possible.

COOKED SALAD-DRESSING

Half-cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne.

Heat vinegar and butter. Beat egg-yolks, sugar, mustard, salt, and cayenne. Pour vinegar gradually on to egg mixture, beating well. Cook over boiling water until mixture begins to thicken, beating constantly. Store in cold place in covered jar. Dilute before serving with cream or milk.

COFFEE SYRUP

One cup sugar, 3 cups boiling water, 2 cups ground coffee.

Make a boiling syrup of the sugar and boiling water. Pour over the coffee, and stand about 20 minutes. Strain through wet muslin or cheese cloth. Cool and store in covered jar in refrigerator. Use 2 tablespoons of the syrup to 1 cup cold milk. Serve as cold drink; whip with egg for egg-nog; add 1 or 2 eggs, and steam or bake and serve icy cold as coffee custard.

LEMON SYRUP

Two cups lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated peel (avoid white pith), 1 cup sugar.

Combine and store in covered jar in refrigerator. Use ¼ cup syrup to 2-3rds cup water; add an ice cube.

APPLE FLUFF

One cup whipped stewed apple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 packet orange or lemon jelly, 1½ cups boiling water.

Allow stewed apple to become cold and mix with lemon rind. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water; when beginning to set whisk until creamy and fold in apple. Turn into flat pan. Chill until firm and serve in squares. May be topped with cream or custard and garnished with cherry.

MIX-EASY FUDGE CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening (margarine, lard, good dripping, or butter), 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup honey, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence or cakex, 2 eggs, ½ cup cocoa, 1 cup chopped nuts (may be omitted).

Prepare moderate oven and grease tin (approx. 12 x 8 x 1½ inches). Sift flour, soda, and salt. Soften shortening by warming. Turn into cold bowl and beat with sugar and honey until smooth and fluffy. Add milk to beaten eggs and essence. Blend with cocoa and stir into creamed shortening and sugar, alternately with flour. Beat quickly until smooth and well mixed. Add nuts and pour into greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) about 35 minutes. Spread with peppermint-flavored icing.

MOCHA SPONGE

Two cups strong milk coffee, 1oz. chocolate, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Melt the chocolate in the coffee. Stir in the gelatine, softened in 2 tablespoons cold water, stirring until dissolved. Add flavoring. When beginning to set, whisk until foamy. Serve with wafer biscuits and cherry garnish.

RAGOUT OF VEAL AND APPLE

One pound veal steak, ½lb. apples, 1 onion, 2 cups thin, well-flavored brown gravy.

Cut steak into thin service-sized portions and place in casserole in layers with sliced, peeled, and cored apple and onion. Add gravy, cover, and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 45 to 60 minutes. Serve with crisp bacon curls, green peas, and little whole potatoes smothered with mint.

MINUTE STEAKS

One pound round steak, sirloin, or rump steak; 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon minced onion, pepper and salt.

Cut steak into service-sized portions ¼in. to ½in. thick. Sprinkle with lemon juice and onion. One tablespoon of salad oil may be added to this marinade. Stand 15 to 30 minutes. Allow longer time, up to several hours, if the steak is not tender. Do not chill in refrigerator. Grill quickly, allowing about five minutes for entire cooking. Pour pan fat over steaks, season with pepper and salt, and serve at once.

EASY TO MAKE, DELICIOUS TO EAT

FOR a Garden Meal . . . slightly scoop flat-bottomed, fresh bread rolls, fill with beans in tomato puree with chopped, crisp bacon; serve with salad greens, shallots, and radishes. See photograph above.

Dutch Lunch is Easy . . . a platter of mixed cheese with shallots and salad greens, wholemeal bread and butter and iced coffee.

When rice is on the menu . . . boil it, sweeten and flavor with almond essence, and serve topped with an icy-cold pear. Top with chopped nuts or toasted coconut for extra measure.

For Unexpected Guests . . . tomato juice cocktails are a good social ice-breaker . . . little quickly whipped-up, onion-flavored scones will stretch the casserole . . . cheese sizzling on toast fingers served with the black coffee gives a party finish.

For a Dinner Sweet . . . slice fresh or canned peaches, and serve icy cold with cream or custard flavored with almond essence.

Mother's Day Off . . . fry sausages and serve with grilled cheese-topped tomatoes and mustard-spread toast.

Hurry-Up Entree . . . make a smooth white sauce, flavor with grated cheese, and a spot of onion, and add cubed camp pie . . . serve on platter with grilled tomato halves and halved, hard-boiled eggs, smothered in parsley.

Relax before Special Dinner and serve, away from table, easily prepared appetisers . . . cream cheese balls rolled in chopped walnuts, halved eggs topped with grated cheese and toasted, celery curls and radish strips.

Easy and Very, Very Nice . . . Slice figs and sprinkle with brown sugar and orange juice . . . chill several hours, and serve with meringues.

Dinner Sweet for Day Out . . . set strawberry jelly in flat dish, serve in squares topped with sliced banana tossed in brown sugar and lemon juice.

Fruit and Cheese after summer grill . . . arrange mound of cottage cheese, wedge of blue-veined cheese, wedge of cheddar on one side of platter; on other side arrange sliced pineapple, halved pears, apple wedges or chilled apricots . . . serve with fruit knives and forks.

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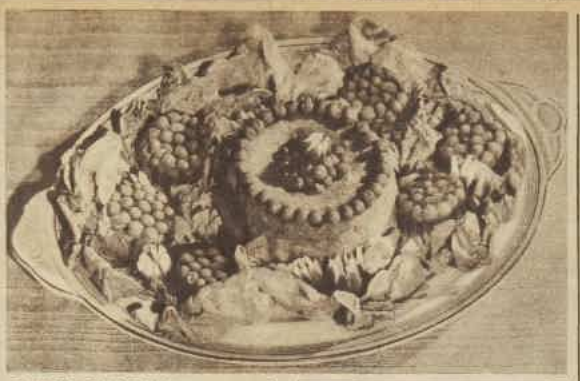

LAMB SALAD LOAF, creamy and well seasoned, served with peas set in mint jelly, with crisp lettuce and radish flowers.

BUTTER SUBSTITUTE

● First prize recipe of the week is a good substitute for butter. Use it for cakes and pastries.

ALL other recipes from readers are good. Hot oyster biscuits will have wide appeal.

Send in your family favorite—it may win you honor as well as a cash prize.

BUTTER SUBSTITUTE

Two pounds clarified beef dripping, 1 cup milk, ½lb. lard, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, rind and juice of 2 or 3 lemons, ½ cup peanut oil (may be omitted).

Melt dripping, add milk and simmer 10 minutes. Cool slightly and add lard. Beat with rotary beater and stand aside until almost set. Pour off any milk (sometimes the milk is absorbed in beating). Add soda, lemon rind, juice, peanut oil, and whip until creamy consistency. Use as butter substitute for cakes, cookies, or pastries.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. G. McDonald, 12 Parkes Road, Artarmon, N.S.W.

HOT OYSTER BISCUITS

One cup oysters, ½lb. flour, 4oz. dripping, 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, ¼ cup milk.

Beard oysters and season with lemon juice, pepper and salt (or season with well-seasoned white sauce). Sift flour, salt and cayenne. Rub in dripping and mix to dry dough with squeeze of lemon and milk. Roll to thin sheet and cut into rounds. Moisten edges of half the rounds and place an oyster on each. Cover with remaining pastry and bake in fairly hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

LAMB ROLL-UPS

One tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, ¾ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup grated cheese, pinch cayenne, 1 cup cooked spaghetti flavored with a little onion or shallot and chopped parsley, 5 or 6 thin slices of cooked cold lamb.

Melt shortening and stir in flour. Stir in milk, salt, and bring to boil. Stir in grated cheese and cayenne. Pile spaghetti on each lamb slice, roll up and pack in ovenware dish. Pour sauce over centre of rolls. Bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Bell, 158 Easey St., Collingwood, Vic.

ANOTHER MOCK CREAM

Three tablespoons water, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1½ tablespoons butter, flavoring.

Boil water, sugar and gelatine until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Cool slightly, and beat in butter until creamy. Flavor with vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Starr, 7 Oakleigh Ave., Granville, N.S.W.

APPETISING SALAD of flaked fish, cubed tomato, and tender greens, drenched in sharp dressing as first course for dinner.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 or 4 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 cup milk, extra sugar for meringue.

Line a pie-plate with the pastry. Slice bananas into the case and sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar and stand 10 minutes. Beat lemon rind, egg-yolks, and milk and pour over bananas. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat and cook further 20 minutes. Whisk egg-white with about ½ cup sugar, flavoring further with lemon. Pile meringue on the banana custard and bake in a very slow oven until crisp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. E. M. Wilton, Rosevale, Box 18, P.O., Bemboka, N.S.W.

EGG AND CRAYFISH SALAD

Six hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup crayfish meat, 2 small pickled gherkins, salt, pepper, paprika, celery salt, minced chives or chopped parsley, ½lb. cream cheese, 1 lettuce, mayonnaise.

Shell eggs and cut in halves, lengthwise. Remove yolks. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad platter or individual plates. Chop crayfish meat and gherkins finely. Season to taste and bind with a little mayonnaise. Stuff egg-whites with this mixture. Sieve egg-yolks. Roll cream cheese balls alternately in egg-yolks and chopped chives or parsley. Arrange on salad platter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Clayton, c/o 457b Little Collins St., Melbourne.

Value of fruit

By SISTER MARY JACOB

FRESH fruit and fruit juices should always take a very important place in the diet of every infant and growing child.

But a word of warning: Don't allow children to eat much of the new season's fruit. Give a little to begin with, see that it is sound, and wash well to remove any spraying agent.

A leaflet dealing with the value of the various fruits in the diet may be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

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